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# The skeleton in Anatoly Zverev's closet

*The official tour omits this and a lot of other things you'll find in RUSSIA*

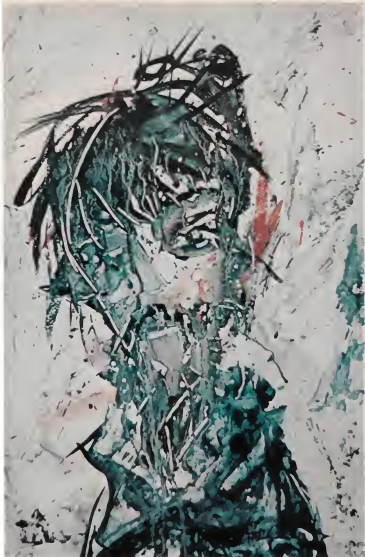
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Because the state still prefers the arid poster art of "socialist realism," Soviet painter Anatoly Zverev keeps this expressive self-portrait in his closet. While such highly developed individuality in painting and literature is seen by the government as a serious threat to its collectivist doctrines, a growing revolt of the intellectuals is slowly breaking down the barriers of censorship.

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# Contents

AUGUST 24, 1970 Volume 32, No. 8

Cover photograph by Fred Kaplan

## 12 The One That Got Away Again

Arnold Palmer played well, but the PGA Championship escaped him again in Tulsa last week, as Dave Stockton won

## 16 Yes, Rick, There Is a Virginia

Former NBA star Rick Barry, now contracted to the ABA Virginia Squires, wants to jump back to San Francisco

## 18 A Full Series for a Fleet Pair

Carl Yastrzemski and Tom Oliva, going after the batting title, were the big stars as Minnesota bombed in Boston

## 22 Marlin Has a Bit of Trouble

When a \$15 rubber hit broke in his mouth, Marlin Pride lost all chance to win the \$100,000 Tonkers Turfity

## 24 The Impatience of Mrs. Job

Given a wave-tossed lake, determination and four kids, an Ohio mother turned out four swimming champions

## 30 Grand Prix American Style

The color camera samples a rival new brand of U.S. auto racing, whose biggest noise is a driver named Cannon

## 50 Turn Left at the Porcupine

In which Dazzleless Angler Jack Olsen ransacks Colorado for the secret of the missing trout

## The departments

9 Scorecard

36 People

40 Baseball

47 Measures

48 Horse Racing

60 For the Record

63 19th Hole



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Credits on page 80

## Next week

**CHOKE ARTISTS** or victims of fickle fate, Dallas has blown four NFL playoff games. Analyst Tex Maule puts the Cowboys on the couch as they meet their nemesis, Green Bay.

**OVER THE HILL** at 18 or still the fastest female afloat? Debbie Meyer finds out this week at the national outdoors. Jerry Kirshenbaum observes from poolside in Los Angeles.

**THE RICH WAY** to get away is Tico Vadas, a prestigious new playground in Mexico for millionaires and their friends. Edwin Shanks reports from deep inside all that money.





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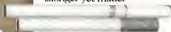
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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

## THE SOME-STAR GAME

Whenever in doubt, the National Basketball Association substitutes quantity for quality—more games, more teams. Now the NBA has announced that its All-Star Game this year will feature 14-man rosters. In a sport where coaches have trouble finding playing time for more than eight men, this creates a truly impossible situation. The NBA, like other major sports, denies fans the right to see the genuinely best players by demanding that all teams in the league be represented by at least one player. With 14-man rosters chock full of expansion rinky-dinks, fans will not be paying to see an All-Star Game but a House of Representatives.

There are plenty of good alternatives. The simplest would be two 10-man rosters—the best 10, no matter who they play for—head to head, best vs. best. Or go the other way, and have four conference All-Star squads (the league is set up with four groups now) playing a two-night All-Star series. Either way, hard competition would be restored. If the NBA must, however, go with its unwieldy 14-man telephone-book team, it ought to consider a simple suggestion by Atlanta Coach Richie Guerin. He proposes that an extra, fifth quarter be added to the game. The ersatz expansion All-Stars could play one quarter while everyone went out and got hot dogs, and then the real All-Stars could go at it for a regular 48 minutes.

## TOURIST'S TRAP

A place called Tigertops, a luxurious camping-out spot in Nepal, is offering jaded travelers the Elephant Ring (four days: \$595 each, \$1,100 a couple), a jungle thrill show in which tourists pursue tigers while "mounted on very secure staunch shikar howdah elephants for their safety." Dozens of elephants form a large circle and gradually move in, tightening the ring around whatever animals, including tigers, are inside. "The heart-bursting excitement can continue

for over an hour," Tigertops promises. "As the ring closes, only the mighty Nepal tiger is allowed to remain inside. Backwards and forwards the tiger charges, striving to find an escape through the ring to a pandemonium of men shouting and elephants trumpeting, thumping the ground with their trunks and even occasionally, when directly attacked, turning and bolting in terror while other elephants nearby press in to reclose the ring." The tiger is eventually allowed to escape—"No shooting of game is allowed at Tigertops"—after having had the living hell scared out of him.

The Elephant Ring seems to have all the taste and perception of a demolition derby, with one added vulgarity. Tigertops promises that "bar elephants will be provided in the jungle for your refreshment and agile bar boys will deliver your choice of drinks, often jumping from elephant to elephant in the process." Wow.

## TURK'S BREAD

Derek (Turk) Sanderson, the colorful, controversial center of the Boston Bruins, has been in a contract hassle with the Bruins' management. His salary the past three seasons has been \$10,000, \$12,000 and \$14,000, and Sanderson says that even after the Bruins' Stanley Cup triumph the club has offered him only a \$4,000 raise, to \$18,000 a year. Boston newspapers have raised a great flap about Derek's "peon's wages," so much so that Weston Adams Jr., son of the majority stockholder of the Bruins, came out publicly and said that Sanderson last year made a total of not \$14,000 but \$36,000. The player's base pay was \$14,000, Adams said, but all members of the club earned a \$1,000 bonus from the front office for finishing second in regular-season play, and the Bruins gave Sanderson an added personal bonus of \$11,000. He received another \$1,250 from the league for his team's second-place finish and \$8,750 for the Stanley Cup playoffs. Total: \$36,000.

"It has never been the club's policy to disclose salaries," Adams said. "But we feel that it is necessary in this case. We'd like to clear the air. We feel the best way is to release the actual figures, and these are honest ones." He did not deny that the contract Sanderson has received for 1970-71 calls for \$18,000.

Sanderson's attorney, Bob Woolf, commented, "The average hockey player does as well financially as the average pro athlete elsewhere, but men in their early years do not and neither do the superstars. There is nobody in the National Hockey League making \$100,000, although there are 13 players in the National Basketball Association at that figure. In hockey \$50,000 is considered extremely big money."

And \$18,000 is a long, long way from \$50,000.

## OUT THERE IN TELEVISION LAND

Television watchers in and around big cities don't know the problems that beset the electronic monster in less-populated areas of the country. Take Tyler, Texas (pop. 55,000). KLTU carries Saturday's college football and Sunday's



professional games, and station manager Marshall Pengra felt that adding the NFL's Monday-night games might be a bit too much. But to be on the safe side, he decided to ask his audience. Responses came from 3,000 people scattered around 19 counties. Almost 55% were for Monday football, but a substantial 45% was against the idea. Since KLTU is the only channel available to a good part of its audience, Pengra de-

continued



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#### SCORECARD *continued*

cided the station would continue its earlier practice of showing *Monday Night at the Movies* in the 8 p.m. slot. He announced his decision in an on-the-air editorial, in which he noted that "either way, we're in the doghouse." (Shot of Pengra in a doghouse.) Then, standing, he declared, "Saturday football [pause] yes! Sunday football [pause] yes! Monday football [pause] no!"

Girls recruited from the station staff rushed on-camera and placed flowers at his feet. Men, similarly recruited, followed the girls and put a bucket labeled TRAITOR on Pengra's head.

And that's it from Tyler, Texas, folks.

#### LATE FLASH

KTRT in Lufkin, Texas is owned by the people who own the Tyler station, and they ran a football poll, too. Results in Lufkin were clear-cut, with 58% against Monday-night football and only 42% in favor.

But can you imagine? Almost 60% against football! Lufkin is apt to find itself ejected from the state of Texas.

#### PROPER NAMES

A baseball fan named Doug Guinard, who lived in California before moving to New York and whose heart is still in the Golden West, has become concerned about the lack of intense interest in his old state's two excellent American League baseball teams: the California Angels and the Oakland Athletics. Guinard feels that part of the trouble lies with the teams' names. Oakland, for instance, is the wrong name for the A's because comparatively few people in and around the San Francisco Bay Area can get very excited about Oakland. The team should be renamed the Northern California Athletics. Then, because the Angels are no longer the only American League team in the state, the name California is wrong for them. They should become the Southern California Angels. With these simple name changes, he argues, the American League would automatically benefit from the long-standing rivalry between the two great sections of the state. Games between Northern California and Southern California could compare with the tremendous Los Angeles-San Francisco rivalry in the National League. Guinard says the new names would also promote greater interest in the teams on their road trips to the Middle West and the East, and

he convincingly demonstrates how much more interesting the American League West standings would have looked this week:

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Minnesota	70	47	.598	—
No. California	67	53	.558	4½
So. California	66	53	.555	5
Milwaukee	46	74	.383	25½
Kansas City	44	75	.370	27
Chicago	43	79	.352	29½

#### FLY THEM PROUDLY

The United States Power Squadrons, an organization half a century old for people who own powerboats, deserves commendation for a number of things. One is its boat-safety program, a second is its nationwide free boating courses (for information call 800-243-6000, toll-free) and a third is its burgees. A burgee is the little pennant boats fly as identification, and the USPS has 372 of them registered, one for each of 372 different power squadrons scattered around the country and even abroad. Many of the burgees have a classic nautical simplicity, but some have the free-swinging imagination of a Welsh-rabbit nightmare. Akron, for instance, has a blimp floating on a ship's wheel. Beaumont shows an oil derrick and Cape Canaveral displays a space station and a spaceship floating in a blue void high above a tiny Earth. Some are literal to an extreme: Key West has a key superimposed on a W, Lansing a lance (oh, dear), Baton Rouge a red stick and Calumet a peace pipe. Wonder winners are Great Neck and Little Neck Bay; the former features a giraffe and the latter a bird with a thin, eensy-beensy strip between head and body. Price of prizes is Bannina River Power Squadron, whose burgee shows—honest to God—a yellow banana on a blue and white field.

#### HITTING PITCHERS

A year ago Organized Baseball had a couple of minor leagues experiment with the concept of a "designated pinch hitter," a nonfielding batter whose only function was to hit for the pitcher (who remained in the game) each time that weak-hitting worthy was due to bat. Results were said to be inconclusive—baseball is "studying" them—and this year the experiment was shelved. However, one place where the pinch hitter idea seemed to pay off last year was in Omaha, where Steve Boros of the Royals hit

.319 with 10 RBIs. Bo Osborne hit .294 with 16 RBIs and the entire DPH contingent batted .277, quite a respectable figure these days. The Royals, perhaps coincidentally, won the pennant. This summer, with the DPH a thing of the past, Omaha's pitchers had a combined average in August of only .149 and had batted in barely half the runs that Boros and Osborne had, and the club (it could still be a coincidence) was languishing in third place in the league's four-team Eastern Division.

Two of Omaha's nonhitting pitchers were unabashed by all this. Monty Montgomery, who was battling a splendid .057, said, "Heck, I'm not doing too badly. One game I was up four straight times without striking out once." Mike Hedlund, who was hitting .105 and once struck out 13 times in succession, is against a return of the designated pinch-hitter rule. He says, "I think it adds more excitement to the game for the fans to see me mess up at the plate."

#### GRAND

A Canadian named Raymond Hull is writing a book called *Man's Best Friend* which documents all the bad things he could find about dogs—child-killing packs, cowardice, diseases they carry—and even includes a chapter on how to cook and eat them. Hull, who admits he does not love dogs and has never owned one, claims he does not hate them, either, and has even joined the antivivisection movement. He says, "I just want to be the first author to tell the truth about them."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Bill Cassidy, University of Dayton assistant basketball coach, after recruiting the school's second set of identical twins in three years: "It's easier to recruit twins—you only have to visit one house."
- Earle Thomas, rookie cornerback of the New York Jets' camp, a student of entomology, on the resemblance between collecting insects and football: "Quick hands are important to an entomologist. Same with a cornerback. You've got to have good hands and speed. When you work with insects you're doing it alone. Cornerbacking is the same thing. I guess most cornerbacks are sort of lonely. We like to be ourselves."
- Young fan to Byron Nelson, one of golf's greatest: "I know you—you work with Chris Schenkel."

END



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# THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY AGAIN

*Arnold Palmer made another run at the PGA title last week, but Dave Stockton's cool head and sure putting carried the day in a tournament that regained some of its class at Southern Hills* **by DAN JENKINS**

It was another chapter in that continuing story of Arnold Palmer's efforts to find happiness in middle age and save professional tournament golf from these Dave Stocktons. And it was an episode with the same old ending. You know that one. Arnold hangs in, makes a slight move and the kid weakens. Arnold moves close, closer, and the thundering herds go mad, mad, mad. Arnold then stands still and Dave Stockton wins. Tune in next year.

So it went last week on an elegant but brutal course called Southern Hills in normally quiet and peaceful Tulsa. The crowds pulled and tromped and prayed and yearned and leaned in Palmer's behalf as the 40-year-old hero tried once again to win the PGA Championship, the one major title that has escaped him. But he didn't do enough apparently, because he lost it again.

Palmer bore down and went after it in the sort of "mood to win" that people have seen him in before in Augusta and other places of his past glories. He even had a club he seldom uses, a four-wood which would get him out of the thick Bermuda rough. He even had a "cheat sheet," a yardage and diagram chart of the course. And he even had lighter woods for swinging easier and keeping the distance. "I'm trying everything," he explained.

What he didn't have was the lukewarm putter he needed. And without that, even on a punishing track like Southern Hills, he wasn't about to overtake a young man as revved up and possessed as Dave Stockton. From *romance*

*Too many holes like the undulating 18th at Tulsa checked the charges of Palmer, shown on his way to a closing bogey Saturday.*





tee to green, Stockton played the kind of golf that wouldn't win him much money in a municipal golf course, but he had a charcoaled putter, as, indeed, he has been known to have on occasion. And, despite the thrust of the *Tulsa Daily World*, which had lumped him with the "unknowns" leading the tournament on the second day, he had the right attitude.

"Nobody can putt and chip better than I can," he said after Saturday's third-round 66, which put him five ahead of Palmer and all his sentimental legions from Tulsa. "I just feel like I'm going to win. I'm putting great, and the

bad holes aren't bothering me. I've been in the woods and in the bunkers, and I've even shanked a shot. But it hasn't bothered me. I just bounce back."

And so he did. Stockton would listen to the plaintive calls for Arnie and only try harder himself. He'd flog one into the woods or into a bunker, but he would squirt it out one way or another and rim home a putt, and Palmer would get nothing.

He played a fascinating four-hole stretch on the front nine Sunday that told it all. With Arnold always lurking there over birdie putts that refused to fall, Stockton rolled in a 30-footer for a

birdie at the 6th (seemingly his 1,000th 30-footer of the week), and followed this up by holing out a 120-yard wedge shot for an eagle duce at the 7th, and he followed this up with a horrible double bogey at the 8th, whereupon he followed *that* up by coming out of a fairway bunker for a birdie at the 9th. This meant Stockton had gone birdie, eagle, double bogey, birdie and closed, opened, and then closed the door again on his bewildered playing companion, Palmer.

Stockton, a 28-year-old Californian who has won only three tournaments in his six years on the tour, staved off Palmer and a fast-closing Bob Murphy on the final nine holes on Sunday with a hectic and close to panic-stricken performance. He struggled inwardly to a final-round 73 and to a 72-hole total of 279, which won him the championship by two strokes. He even bogeyed the last two holes, which means that his lead was luxurious enough that he could afford so unglamorous a flourish. It was a whimpering finish to say the least, but it was all he needed.

The one moment of mindrama came at the 13th hole, an enormous par-4 of 470 yards with water in front of the green. There Dave hooked into the water, and Palmer had his usual 25-footer for a birdie. A Palmer birdie and a Stockton double bogey right here, folks, and it really might have been, finally, Palmer's year in the PGA.

Stockton, however, calmly and quickly hit a great pitch shot (his 1,000th of the week) to within two feet of the cup for a bogey, and Palmer settled for a par, so the one meager stroke Arnold got was of little consequence.

"I knew I had it then," Dave said later. "That was the shot."

You could total it up at that point. Palmer had finished second in the PGA for the third time in his career. (His Arnie may be surprised to learn that it was his 10th second-place finish in major championships. He has eight firsts.) And the PGA had another young man, like all of those Al Geiberger, for a champion. Name of Stockton. Friend of Geiberger.

In every way Southern Hills fretted and worked to see that the championship was run smoothly and better than any other PGA—and the club succeeded. The tournament didn't have the atmosphere of the tired old PGA Championship. It had more class than that. It was more

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN D. HANCOCK



"Unknown" Dave Stockton dons his cap and waves triumphantly in the Oklahoma heat.



like a U.S. Open in the look of the club and the course and in the general conduct of the tournament.

Southern Hills is simply one of the truly fine and beautiful clubs in the country. The large, elegant white clubhouse sits on a hill surrounded by elms, and the course swoops down below, winding through trees and creeks. From high points one can see the small but polished city of Tulsa popping up over the treetops. The mood of it all is old but not ancient—roomy, classy, quiet and, well, rich.

To people of the Southwest, Southern Hills has been famed as a great golf course and fine club since it was built in 1935. In 1958 it got national recognition as the host to the U.S. Open, the one Tommy Bolt captured. It got another boost in 1965 when it held the U.S. Amateur that Bob Murphy won. And now it has staged the PGA.

Southern Hills falls splendidly into the category of clubs that have marvelous courses and facilities, not to forget hard-working members who like to put on a good tournament. Clubs like Cherry Hills, Oakland Hills, Oakmont, Winged Foot and Merion. It does not yet have their prestige, but it should—and will.

Typical of Southern Hills' enthusiasm for the PGA Championship was the way the club tried to dazzle the visiting writers. When 10 straight days of over-100° heat in Tulsa had left the press—as well as real people—worried about the weather for this tournament, Southern Hills decided to change it. They hauled in 100 tons of air conditioning for the blue-and-white-striped press tent, decorated the posts and ceiling wires with Christmas icicles, placed huge cardboard snowmen outside the entrance doors and ran around serving champagne breakfasts to the literati. The club even gave considerable thought to how it ought to dress for the PGA. They hired Designer Bill Blass to outfit the lady scorers and the 400 other tournament volunteers in simple white dresses, trimmed in blue, with wide-brimmed hats.

The PGA Championship, which of course is one of the four major pro tournaments of the year, may one day be able to look back and see that in Tulsa it regained much of its faded importance. It has been rattling around on too many Columbines and Pecan Valleys for too long. Southern Hills marked a turn for the better.

The PGA has some other prestige places lined up for future championships. Oakland Hills in 1972, for example, and perhaps Canterbury in 1973. First, however, the championship must go to Palm Beach Gardens in Florida next February. That is the PGA's own golf club near Palm Beach, and it is a good one, if not the best that the late Dick Wilson ever designed. But February? It's interesting to consider what that means.

Among other things, it means that the PGA Championship in 1971 will be the first rather than the last of the Big Four, that it will precede even the Masters. The decision to play it then was not an attempt by the PGA to take any glory away from Augusta, as some at first believed, nor to explore the publicity possibilities of that earlier date. The fact is, it was written into the contract the PGA has with the owner of Palm Beach Gardens that the big championship had to be played there "sometime." February of "sometime" was the best month for the course, so six months from now there'll be another PGA Championship. Then things will return to normal again for '72 and thereafter.

One of the fascinating little problems created by the PGA being in February next year concerns the Masters. Which PGA champion would Augusta invite in '71—the one crowned at Southern Hills or the one crowned in Palm Beach Gardens? Well, it has decided to invite both—the low eight from Tulsa but only the winner from Palm Beach Gardens. On the other hand, the Palm Beach winner will have a longer ride as champion than any PGA champion ever. He will hold the title for a year and a half and be qualified for two Masters, U.S. Opens and British Opens.

At the same time, the Southern Hills champion will have the shortest reign of glory since President Garfield. For what everyone had to go through on the rugged Southern Hills layout, that hardly seems like enough. It was a course that could hold its own in any measure of what a great course is supposed to be. It had hills and dips, huge trees guarding entrances to old-fashioned bent-grass greens, and nearly every fairway had a bend, shaded creeks and ditches and ponds to look out for and matted Bermuda rough that was especially troublesome because the ball could sink down into it.

The course took its toll of many a good player, slowly putting Jack Nick-

laus and Bill Casper and Dave Hill and the like out of contention. Those who didn't hit consistently straight last week could forget about their chances. What saved those who hung in there was the fact that the little greens *did* hold a good shot. The ball would bite into the bent and back up, as it did for Raymond Floyd and Dave Stockton on Saturday when they shot record-breaking rounds of 65 and 66 respectively.

Southern Hills, like most older courses, which seem always to be the best, offered the sort of variety in shotmaking that forced the golfer to think and plan and keep steadily busy. He would go from short approaches over trees to less-out holes where he had to reach for the three-wood and hammer the ball.

The 12th and 13th holes became crucial. At the 12th the golfer had to face a dogleg to the left off the tee, being fearful of a row of trees on the left and a slight hill on the right. Then his approach had to sneak down between some elms onto a small green that sat just behind a creek crossing in front. Here was the hole that destroyed Palmer on Friday when he was strolling around with a two-stroke lead on the field, acting like this was 1964 or something.

Arnold hit his second into the creek, but it didn't go all the way down. It hung on some soggy weeds. Up went his trousers to his knees, and he waded in to play it, perhaps unwisely. But he was leading and probably thought that, well, since this is obviously the old days, I'll just make a 3. He took a mighty slap at the marsh weeds, but to his surprise the ball moved only a few groaning feet. He made a double-bogey 6, a disaster from which he couldn't recover no matter how hard the Tulsa members of his nostalgic Army roared.

As it turned out, those two shots could be called the two that Arnold lost by. Those two that the 12th hole took away from him on Friday, just when it had looked like the old days.

And in the end, the soap-opera stuff wasn't for Arnold at all. It was for Dave Stockton. There on the scene 18th as Dave knelt down on the green, he looked at his short putt for a par and knew he could three-putt it and still win, and he thought: "I'm the PGA champion. I've done it." Then he looked across the green and saw his wife, Cathy, and he cried.

So did Arnie's Army. But, oh, well, they're used to it. **END**



Posing last week in his old Warrior uniform, Barry wears a smile, too.

## YES, RICK, THERE IS A VIRGINIA

The former NBA star Rick Barry, now under contract to the ABA Virginia Squires, is averse to jump back to San Francisco **by PETER CARRY**

When Rick Barry (see cover) first turned his attention from the basketball court to the judicial one, Abe Fortas still stood in unsold high regard. Haynsworth & Carswell sounded like a swanky men's clother and efforts to impeach Earl Warren were in full swing. Barry, the high-scoring, high-salaried 6' 7" forward who rarely has been seen on a basketball floor the past three seasons, has since spent so much time in court that he has become a figure with whom aspiring barristers, if not rookie basketball players, have had to contend. When the first-year students at Washington's Georgetown University Law School opened the final examination in their contracts course earlier this summer, the first question they read began with a summary of the facts in the case of *The Washington Capitals Basketball Club, Inc. v. Rick F. Barry*.

Any basketball fan among those students would have known that the outstanding decision in the case, as rendered earlier this year by a federal judge, was to grant the Caps the preliminary injunction they sought to prevent Barry from playing for the San Francisco Warriors of the NBA. Of course, these are the very same Warriors against whom Barry made his first court appearance three years ago. As a result of that trial, Barry sat out the 1967-68 season before jumping to the ABA's Oakland

Oaks, and then, for the next two years, he spent most of the time sitting on the sidelines with an injured left knee. Meanwhile, the debt-ridden Oaks were purchased by Washington Lawyer Earl Foreman, who brought them, along with a reluctant Rick Barry, to his home town and changed them into the debt-ridden Caps. To add further complexity to the case, the Caps this season have been transferred to Virginia, where they will be called the Squires and will provide the Old Dominion with its first major league franchise.

As soon as the team was moved to the East last year, however, it became evident that Barry had left his heart in San Francisco. He signed a five-year, \$1 million contract with the Warriors late last summer, but the courts have twice ordered him to delay honoring that contract in order to fulfill an earlier one with the OCS (Oaks-Caps-Squires) which runs through the 1971-72 season.

Even though a final round of court hearings in the case is scheduled to begin on Sept. 8, the last month has been filled with rumors of negotiations that would allow Barry to play for the Warriors without further court action. The rumors were indeed true, except that the talks have been spectacularly unsuccessful. This makes it all the more frustrating for Franklin Mieuli, the Warriors' bearded owner, who must sit on

the sidelines. Mieuli is restrained by yet another injunction (the result of an entirely different case) from taking any part in the Barry-Foreman discussion.

The basis for the abortive negotiations was provided by a phone conversation that took place between Foreman and the player's lawyers shortly after Barry's most recent appeal against the Caps' injunction failed. "We were talking when one of them asked me, 'What will it take to buy Rick's contract?'" Foreman said as he reconstructed the conversation last week. "I replied, 'A can of worms,' or something like that. Then someone on the other end said, 'No, I mean seriously.' I said, 'Oh, I guess in the neighborhood of \$200,000.' One of the guys on the other end said, 'I'm gonna be sick,' and I hung up."

News of the \$200,000 offer leaked out in San Francisco, and when Foreman arrived there three weeks ago for further talks Barry, the Warriors and the fans were all hopeful of an immediate settlement. Foreman describes the San Francisco meeting: "We met for about five hours that night, and they were static. They wanted a cash settlement." Foreman counter-offered with a better contract with the Squires than Barry's present one for \$75,000 a year. "At about 2 a.m. I got tired of it and told them, 'All right, the price is now \$250,000.'"

"He can't buy his contract now for \$500,000," Foreman claimed last week, revising his price upward once more. "Barry is more important to basketball in the ABA and Virginia than any reasonable amount of money they can come up with. Down in Virginia I'm telling the people we have Rick Barry, Charlie Scott, Doug Moe and Dave Bing plus two No. 1 draft choices next year. I'm saying that they're getting a contender, not an expansion franchise. We're putting together a team that will be a contender when consolidation [they do not call it merger anymore] with the NBA happens in a couple of years. How can I say all that and then go out and take green money for Rick Barry?"

Foreman is correct when he talks of his team, and many experts feel that of all the college seniors drafted, Scott has the greatest potential as a professional. Virginia also has excellent potential as a franchise. Like the Carolina Cougars, who last year were the most successful first-season franchise in pro basketball history, the Squires will be a statewide

team. Games will be played in trim new arenas in four cities—Richmond, Norfolk, Roanoke and Hampton.

Foreman's remarks about Barry might not be as accurate. He seems to ignore the player's very real unhappiness at having to play outside the Bay Area, nor does he admit that Barry—whose contract with the Warriors becomes binding as soon as his obligations in the ABA end—will not be available to the Squires after two more seasons. Last week a disgruntled Barry mocked Virginia: "My son Scooter is supposed to go to nursery school this year. I hate to think of the complications that'll cause in Virginia. I don't want him to go down there to school and learn to speak with a Southern accent. He'll come home from school saying, 'Hi yall, Daad.' I sure don't want that."

"I've been to Virginia once before, to a basketball tournament in Portsmouth. It seemed all right, but then I knew I'd be leaving right away," he adds. "That gives you some idea how I feel about the place. I could say a lot worse things, but I won't. . . yet."

Barry wants to stay in San Francisco mainly because of the life-style, which for him and his wife Pam and two young children includes an \$18,900 Ferrari and a spectacular house on the side of a hill overlooking a valley east of Oakland. "I would never have considered going to the ABA if I had thought I would have to leave this area," Barry says. "Earl apparently thinks he can offer me enough money so that I'll be happy to go. I don't know if I'd be happier in Norfolk or wherever the hell it is even if he gave me \$1 million a year. I'm very lucky. I live better than all but a very small percentage of people in the country now. How much better can I live?"

Barry is busing his one last day in court on the verbal understanding he claims he had with the Oakland ownership that he would not have to move with the team. Moreover, he feels that Foreman will sell him his contract for a reasonable sum (reports indicate Barry is willing to go as high as \$125,000) when he realizes that Barry is unhappy and will definitely live up to his contract with the Warriors two years from now. Mieuli intends to see that he does.

"I know there are a lot of people around who think Rick's some cavalier," said Mieuli, using an unfortunate term—considering the word is often associated

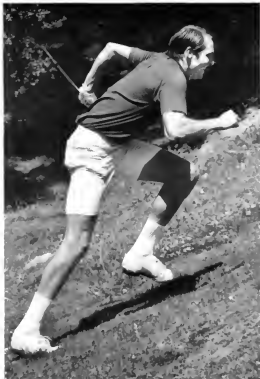
with Virginia. "He made a mistake at 23 and he made it out in front of God and everyone, not in private like everyone else makes theirs. He's been paying and paying and paying for it. He's been a very unhappy man. I remember one day when I was talking to him on the phone last year and I told him we had signed the girl Denise Long, whom we had drafted. 'She's a girl Rick Barry,' I said. 'The poor kid,' he answered, and he meant it."

Mieuli accepts Barry's desire to come back to the Warriors as an admission that he made a mistake in leaving at all. Barry is not admitting anything him-

self. Asked if he regretted jumping to the ABA, his only reply was that during the year he sat out before starting with the Oaks he had an opportunity to meet most of the people he considers his friends now, therefore it was not a mistake.

It is fairly certain that unless Foreman can find a face-saving excuse for selling Barry after promising the folks in Virginia a contender, he will not let him go. Barry is working hard at showing his unhappiness, and there is still one more chance at court. By now Barry should be very adept in both those situations.

END



Though he says he will play no summer basketball, Barry looks in good shape on the links.

# A FULL SERIES FOR A FLEET PAIR

*Locked in battle for the American League batting title, Carl Yastrzemski and Tony Oliva put on a stunning display in Boston that all but overshadowed the surprising nose dive by the Minnesota Twins* **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

It was going to be so easy. It was Aug. 8 and the Minnesota Twins were nine games ahead of the California Angels and 10 games ahead of the Oakland Athletics in the Western Division of the American League, and all Minnesota fans thought they had to do was whistle away the last seven weeks of the season and keep track of Harmon Killebrew's home runs, Jim Perry's pitching victories, Ron Perranoski's saves and Tony Oliva's batting average until the Twins met the Baltimore Orioles in the playoffs. Within the short space of seven days, through last Saturday evening in Boston, however, the Twins were visited with a plague of nine losses. It was the club's longest losing streak since its first year in Minneapolis-St. Paul back in 1961, and when the team finally won on Sunday, 9-6, it was an act of desperation. The Twins had to bring in Bert Blyleven, at 19 the youngest pitcher in the majors, to save Luis Tiant. Blyleven had started the day before. Throughout the Red Sox series the Minnesotans went chasing after balls like children out for an Easter-egg hunt, and it seemed like every line drive the team hit had someone standing right in front of it.

Manager Bill Rigney was pacing his dugout, running out on the field, gesturing wildly with his hands, putting his cap on and taking it off and in general resembling a jack-in-the-box that had been given a beaker of LSD. Obviously tired from playing on 32 consecutive days, the Twins moved into Boston's Fenway Park and had to face up to the specter of Carl Yastrzemski. Yaz did everything to them except turn on the cold showers. He hit home runs, stretched singles into doubles, walked enough times to keep the Twin pitchers on edge and, when he made an out, it seemed as

if the man who caught the ball was always on his knees or back. On defense Yastrzemski, switched in June from left field to first base, was turning hits into outs by the mittful.

All around New England people are now saying that Yaz is having the kind of year he had in 1967 when he lifted the Red Sox to their first pennant in 21 seasons. But probably only Walter Mitty ever had a year like that. Still Yaz is doing things in 1970 that are almost as remarkable. As late as June 22 he was hitting .268, so far down among the American League's top hitters that he had to look uphill 108 points to see the leader. Through last Sunday Yastrzemski had been on base in 35 straight games, and his batting average had soared to a league-leading .332. His homer total, only 16 in June, had risen to 33 as he went chasing after Killebrew's leading 37.

Early this season Fenway was filled with people out to razz Yaz. Now the park is still filled, but with fans who want only to cheer him. His name is announced and the people go wild. Yaz hitters have come back to the bleachers, and when he cranks his big bat up and pounds out a hit the place goes plain bananas.

Unlike the Twins, who grew strange overnight, the Red Sox have been an enigma all year. Many people had thought that they were a good enough club to challenge the Baltimore Orioles for the Eastern Division championship, but the month of May took care of that rosy notion. The other afternoon Owner Tom Yawkey stood in his team's clubhouse and summed up his feelings on the year. "I always like to say something good about my team or not say anything at all," Yawkey said, "but the pitching has hurt us at times, and the de-

fense has been poor enough to really hurt our pitching. Carl, of course, reminds me so much of himself back in 1967 that it is incredible. He's doing everything, and he's so dedicated to his playing. It has to be difficult for him to do so well when the rest of the team has been a disappointment. His base running this year is exceptional. He has stolen 19 bases, something you seldom see the big sluggers do. He concentrated on that, made himself do it."

Yastrzemski is now in hot pursuit of his fourth American League batting championship (Ted Williams earned six), and one of the oddities of American League hitting leaders since 1960 is that, with the exception of Frank Robinson in 1966, each leader has been a left-handed hitter. When Yastrzemski first came to the majors people worried that he hit to left field too much and wondered if he would ever be able to pull the ball enough to get his home-run totals high. They would have been surprised to see the Carl Yastrzemski who early last Friday evening stepped into the batting cage and started talking to himself about his hitting. A pitch came in, and he grounded the ball hard to first base. "Yaz," he shouted at himself, "you tried to pull it too much." Another pitch came toward him and he hit it to second, and he admonished himself, "You dummy, don't try to pull everything." When he pulled a third straight grounder he swung as hard as he could and pounded the bat in frustration against the large pole at the front of the cage. He broke the bat.

For most of the last month the race

*continued*

*Leaving out a hit or charging around base, Yastrzemski enthralled early-season Yazazers, who suddenly recalled impossible '67.*





for the hitting leadership in the American League has been a very close thing. At one time only 13 points separated the 10 top hitters. Again and again National League fans have looked at those leaders with I-told-you-so sneers on their faces. Of the first five hitters at the end of last week, three of them—Frank Robinson, Alex Johnson and Tommy Harper—all broke in with National League clubs, leaving only Yastrzemski and Oliva as genuine American Leaguers. Fortunately the two are the most complete players in the league, now that Al Kaline of Detroit is no longer able to play every day.

Both are picture hitters, and what made their brushup in Boston exciting was the possibility that one might be able to draw away from the other during the four games by putting on a big display. As everybody knew, they were capable of spraying the ball around, using up all the measurements of charming Fenway. They staged a marvelous show, with Yastrzemski getting six hits in 13 at bats and Oliva, who is chasing his third batting title, getting six hits in 17 times up, including a couple of sizzling outs. Yastrzemski hit two homers and two doubles. Oliva one home run and a pair of doubles. Although the applause was much louder for Yaz, the fans sat in awe each time Oliva came to bat and readied himself in his usual methodical way. His feet must be in the proper place before he even looks out at the pitcher and points his bat slowly toward him.

Yastrzemski's swing—although so ferocious at times that it causes him to lose his batting helmet and cap and to go down on his knees—is a thing of delicate balance. He takes a little dirt and rubs it on his hands before he steps into the batter's box. Then he reaches the bat out over the plate to touch the dirt on the other side so that he knows he has full coverage of the corners and his stance is correct and comfortable.

"I have the type of swing," he says, "that if I am even a little off in my balance I will be awful. I'm a streaky hitter, but when I feel good in my swing I know things will be all right. Now that I've been around for a while I've come to believe that some years the luck real-

ly goes with you and other years it just doesn't. You can go out there one day and feel great physically and think you should have a good day and nothing happens. Other times you feel rotten and still get two or three hits. I believe that moving to first base has made me a better hitter. I'm in the game more and have a lot to think about. I welcomed the chance to play first because it was something different. In the outfield your reflexes will carry you through a lot, but at first you have to worry about holding the runners on, fielding bunts, being in the right place to cut off throws from the outfield. I certainly haven't mastered those things yet as much as I want to, but I think I am improving."

According to TV ratings, 56 million people got to see Yastrzemski's versatility in this year's All-Star Game in Cincinnati's new Riverfront Stadium. For his four hits and his play, both at first base and in center field on the fast AstroTurf surface, he was chosen the game's Most Valuable Player. Estimates on Yaz' salary range as high as \$130,000, and this year he is on the final season of a two-year contract. "I have never used a batting championship as a wedge in bargaining with the ball club," he says. "I feel I know how much I have done, and there is seldom a problem. This year I want to hit for a higher average than I have reached before (.326 in 1967) and want to get up around .340 by the end of the season. My stolen bases are up this year, because I have been concentrating on the moves of the pitchers more and more. I believe that it takes just as much concentration to be a good base stealer as it does to be a good hitter."

Minnesota's losing streak has been the shock of the season in the American League, coming as it did after the Twins had spun so far into orbit. Minnesota has taken a crushing number of injuries, and maybe now those will put a further burden on the club. Rod Carew, 1969's American League batting champion with a .332 average, was lost from May at least into September, and Dave Boswell, a 20-game winner, has only three wins, seven losses and a lot of problems. With a splendid 7-0 record, Tiant went on the disabled list and has only recently returned. Even so, the Twins had not lost more than three games in a row before their nose dive sent them staggering into Boston.

In a period of only a little more than 24 hours every pitcher on the staff except two was thrown in against the Red Sox, and one of those, Tiant, had to be the starting pitcher on Sunday. Although the Twins had built the best earned run average of any American League team this year, they did that with only 16 complete games from their starting pitchers, eight by Perry, Baltimore, the Eastern Division leader, has had 42 complete games.

The way the Twins lost last Saturday night in Boston should have caused the team to sit down and compose a group letter of apology to the game's founding fathers. Although Ken Brett of the Red Sox threw 94 pitches in the first 3½ innings, the Twins could not do enough damage to him to put the game out of sight. Carrying a 7-3 lead into the bottom of the fifth inning, they did some remarkable things, fielding easy-out balls like so many live hand grenades. The Sox manhandled Minnesota's relief pitching, and when a ball was not reaching that great, green wall in left field it was knocking the Twin pitcher down. Cesar Tovar dived for a shoestring catch in center field only to discover that there was no ball in his glove when he got up. Third Baseman Rick Renick came running in for a dribbling grounder only to run right past it when the thing took a weird bounce. Screaming from the dug-out on a pitch to George Thomas that the Twins thought should have been called strike three, Minnesota watched in horror as the next pitch went sailing into the nets for a homer, and a ground ball jumped up over Killebrew's glove after he stretched out and dived to try to cut it off.

It was at Fenway in 1967 that the Twins—seemingly home free with two games to go—had to contend with Carl Yastrzemski and their own inability to glove anything that moved. It was at home in Minnesota that the Twins, after losing two fine playoff games at Baltimore, threw in a clunker of classic proportions that had the people in Metropolitan Stadium hooting and booing. This week they return to "The Met" and will hope to regroup for what is now anything but a cakewalk. They still have 13 games to play against Oakland and third-place California. But, thankfully, they have only three more scheduled against the Boston Yastrzemskis.

END

*Battling bravely to lead his teammates out of their deep slump, Tony Oliva, who upped his batting average to .395, races home with a run.*

# MARLU HAS A BIT OF TROUBLE

*His ears plugged and muffled, the Futurity favorite, Marlu Pride, did not hear the moans of his backers when his bit broke and he went off stride at Yonkers*

by WILLIAM F. REED



Confident Herve Filion holds the colt before the race, not suspecting that anything is wrong.

This is one time to put the cart before the horse. Or at least the man in the cart—Herve Filion. At 30, he has become the flamboyant new star of harness racing, the kind of driver that makes things happen and that things happen to. This was all too plain last week when Filion brought the surprise horse of the year, Marlu Pride, to Yonkers Raceway for the Futurity, the first race of trotting's Triple Crown, and then found himself standing in the backstretch petting his horse's nose as the \$100,000 race whirled on behind him—all because an absurdly inexpensive piece of equipment had broken. Even when stalled on the track Filion and his black colt were the big story.

As a 2-year-old Marlu Pride was erratic and bad-tempered, but in the past four months, with Filion training and driving him, the colt has looked like the best 3-year-old trotter around. "He is, there is no question about it," says French-Canadian Filion. Maybe so. Maybe not. But one thing is indisputable about Marlu Pride: his ungodly bad luck. First his elderly owner—August J. Portanova, a retired postmaster from Purchase, N.Y.—neglected to nominate him for trotting's prestige event, The Hambletonian. And then there was the unfortunate break last Friday night. The field of eight was lined up ready to go, and Filion, as usual, was feeling quite confident. "Marlu was good, real good," he said later, "but the colt was really taking an awful hold on the bit." So strong a hold, in fact, that just as the starting gate pulled away and the green "go" lights flashed, the rubber bit snapped in Marlu's mouth and he immediately went skipping off stride, to the chagrin of the raceway bettors, who had made him the 2-to-5 favorite.

Filion sawed furiously on the reins, trying to stop the galloping colt, and finally he managed to pull him to a halt on the backstretch. By the time Filion returned with his horse to the paddock the race was over. The surprise winner was Victory Star, driven by Vernon Dancer, and a nose behind him was Billy Haughton's Gil Hanover. Quite probably the bit—a cheap D-ring model that usually costs about \$15—had cost Marlu Pride the winner's share of \$64,000.

Not everyone, of course, was heartbroken by the colt's misfortune. Marlu won six races in a row from his top contemporaries during one stretch of the



summer, and the more he won the more The Hambletonian began to shape up as a consolation race—a fact that many horsemen were having a hard time trying to digest. Now, however, The Hambo, on Sept. 2, can boast that it will have all the top finishers from the Yonkers Futurity, along with a few highly regarded prospects who skipped the Yonkers race—among them Johnny Simpson's Timothy T. and Frank Ervin's tandem of Old Glory and Speedy Spin.

Moreover, in the carefully structured society of harness racing there are horsemen not at all unhappy to see Filon receive a comeuppance. Although he is undoubtedly the brightest new talent in the sport, Filon also is the most controversial and perhaps—in the envious corners of some of his competitors' souls—the most resented. He is, it is said, too young, too cocky, too clever, too frank—and, mainly, too good. Already this year, aside from his success with Marlu Pride, Filon has grabbed headlines by 1) winning the first world driving championship, 2) filing a much-publicized legal action against Roosevelt Raceway and the New York State Harness Racing Commission and 3) becoming the first man ever to drive five winners in sub-two-minute miles on the same card. This feat is like hitting five home runs in one ball game and, as Filon puts it with accuracy, if not modesty, "I don't think we will ever see that done again in this century," and then he adds, "unless I drive six."

Filon comes from a large horse racing family in Angers, Quebec. His father runs a modest farm, and the Filon children—all 10 of them—grew up grooming and working with horses. "Instead of playing hockey with the other kids I always went straight home to the horses," Filon says. The eight boys followed their father into the horse business and, in Herve's case, that meant quitting school after the fifth grade.

For 10 years he groomed, trained and drove horses for his father, and he began building a reputation—or perhaps attaining notoriety is a better way to put it. Between 1957 and 1964 he was suspended nine times in the U.S. and Canada for an imposing catalog of inquiries. In early July of 1965, after Herve had left his father's stable to go into business for himself, his career reached a crisis. He was suspended in Liberty Bell in Philadelphia for looting after getting to



*Because this \$15 piece of equipment broke in his mouth, Marlu missed out on a \$64,000 pot.*

the front in a race, and a few days later the U.S. Trotting Association recalled his license. But Filon persuaded Milt Taylor, a Pennsylvania state steward, to give him one final chance, and five days later his license was returned. Taylor says now, "I guess if I ever did anything great for the sport all these years it was to straighten up Herve."

Given his reprieve, Herve's red-white-and-blue Captain America silks, his round baby face and his Chaplinesque walk soon became a familiar sight in winner's circles all around the U.S. and Canada. His horses earned \$610,233 in 1967, and then, in 1968, he wedged his way into harness racing's upper strata, winning \$964,531 in purses to rank fifth in the country. That year Filon won 407 races—an all-time record and almost 150 more than his nearest competitor. In 1969 Filon again led the country's drivers in wins, with 394, and his horses took home nearly \$12 million. He is on the way to another million-dollar season and is far ahead of his record 1968 pace for winners.

Since Filon owns a part of more than half of the 72 horses he trains, his personal earnings totaled about a quarter of a million dollars last year, which made him one of the highest earners in any sport. But, for all his sudden affluence, he still lives in a house trailer and drives a clanking Olds. "I thought about buying a Cadillac, but I didn't want to flash," he says. Not that Filon has ever had any qualms about flashing with his clothes—or his horses.

After he won the world driving championship last April by beating leading drivers from the U.S., West Germany,

Italy, Australia, Austria and New Zealand in a series of match races, some of Filon's detractors consoled themselves by saying, well, it was just a publicity stunt anyway, and wasn't Filon lucky to draw the best horses?

"Sure, it didn't really prove who's the best," says Filon, "but let's put it this way. I may not be the best in the world, but I'm as good as the next guy—and I don't care who he is."

Not even his bitterest rival can begrudge Filon the praise he has earned in the handling of Marlu Pride. As a 2-year-old the colt won only three of 14 starts. And he was not impressing anyone this spring until Owner Portanova turned him over to Filon. "I saw that Herve was the top driver in the country, and I wanted the best, not some mediocre guy," says Portanova. One of Filon's brothers drove Marlu in his first start in May, and the colt was so upset by the raceway dim that he broke stride twice. The next time out Filon plugged Marlu's ears with cotton and put a bright-red hood over the horse's head. The colt settled down and went about his business, winning by two lengths. Next came a 6½-length upset victory over the leading 3-year-olds in the Dexter Cup.

Now Marlu will drop out of the spotlight for a few weeks as attention centers on The Hambletonian. But the winner of that race had better beware. Postmaster Portanova did not forget to send in his entry for the \$100,000 Colonial on Sept. 19 at Liberty Bell. And there, says Herve Filon, it will take a lot more than a \$15 bit to keep him from proving Marlu Pride is the best 3-year-old trotter of 1970.

END

# THE IMPATIENCE OF



On Route 4 near the Cortland, Ohio home of the swimming Job family—Stephen, 21, Brenda, 17, Lisa, 14 (all retired), and Brian, 18—stands a sign that says HIDDEN DRIVES. The sign refers to adjoining driveways, not to anything secret that might explain all the swimming titles the Jobs have racked up over the last decade, or the world breaststroke record that Brian is almost bound to set—quite possibly in the Nationals at Los Angeles this weekend—if, as his coach, George Haines, says, “he doesn’t break his neck again.”

Granted, Brian Job has such a flair for accidents as to make one wonder. But that may be accounted for by his being so venturesome, which has helped make him something of a whiz with computers, and his being so loose in the knees and ankles, which has helped make him that rare thing, a great American breastroker.

The breaststroke is one stroke that Russians, rather than Americans, have long dominated. It requires a strong kick. “Brian is built like a frog,” says Haines. “Catch a bullfrog some time and look at it. Short upper body and long legs—

and Brian walks with his feet out all the time. He can stand with his feet at 180° angles to each other and do knee bends without his knees coming apart.”

Brian says, “I remember once my Mom said, ‘Your knees will be your downfall.’ I don’t know why she said it. It may have been after I found out how loose-jointed I was and I had my leg wrapped all the way around my head. Anyway, I always remembered that, especially whenever I hurt my knee. It stayed with me, like it was a curse.”

Another strange thing: when Stephen was first set down in the family’s newly built house on Mosquito Lake at the age of 3, he made a beeline to the living-room wall and started digging his fingers into the hardening plaster. And before his father Glenn could smooth out the first set of scratch marks with a trowel, Stephen had gouged more scratches (still visible today) in another wall. Then he picked up a hammer and began pounding nails into the basement steps.

Perhaps this was just childish energy, fired by the excitement of a new home in the country. The Job boys were always full of energy. Once they realized

the all-American boy’s dream of binding their baby-sitter hand and foot. On another occasion Brian hit Brenda over the head with a hammer when she appeared to be beating him at jacks. Then there was the time Stephen chased Brian into the shower stall, held the doors shut on him and yelled, “I’ve got you now!” “No you don’t!” yelled Brian, and he burst right through the heavy glass doors, shattering them. “We were really unmanageable little kids,” says Stephen. “All that energy, nobody around to play with but each other and never enough to do with ourselves.”

Still another strange thing: when Brian was a toddler he came down with Legg-Calve-Perthes disease, which disintegrated the ball of his hip joint. Then something quite unexplained caused him to achieve 18 months of bone regeneration in six weeks. Maybe it was a natural athlete’s flair for recuperation, spurred on by the terrible dreams he had in his body cast at night.

“I was in a cast that covered my whole body up to the ribs,” Brian remembers. “I’d go to sleep on my back and be unable to turn over, and I’d have terrible

# MRS. JOB

As a coach who doubled as a mother, Mary Job made her four kids do laps and laps and laps and sleep and sleep and sleep until each one of them became a champion **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**



nightmares. One night I woke up and just had to go to the bathroom. I pulled myself out of bed and crawled along the floor to where I could see the light coming under the door—but when I got there the door disappeared. Then I looked over and saw the light coming through on the other side of the room. So I crawled across the floor and when I got there the door disappeared again. It was on another side of the room. And I had to go to the bathroom. So I crawled again. It must have been partly a dream, but I was crawling on the floor when I finally lost all control and I started screaming bloody murder."

The next time he went in for a progress check the doctor came running to Mary Job shouting, "It's a miracle!" Brian was taken out of the cast and put into a brace and a built-up shoe on his good leg so that the rebuilding leg could swing free. "Stephen would tease me," Brian says, "and I couldn't catch him, and I'd get so mad that I'd put my weight on the bad leg and swing that big wooden shoe against the wall. I busted up moldings, and one time I kicked the telephone to pieces."

Whatever might have been the key to those dynamics, there is no question what finally gave all four Job kids something to do with themselves. It was the entirely unhidden drive of their mother Mary—without whose original pushing, concedes Olympic medalist and Stanford student Brian, "I would be just a nobody nobody today."

Mary Job is a tall, leggy, striking, rather loose-jointed and ingenuous-looking woman, a high school phys-ed teacher and former Catholic church organist (her final labor pains with Brenda began while she was playing a hymn during the Collect), with strong features, a nice tan and a fresh smile. Mary's mother, the Job kids' grandmother, urged Mary to develop her voice, because she had herself wanted badly to be an opera singer—had in fact won a contract offer from the Met, but her father wouldn't let her accept it. Instead of following her mother's wishes, Mary developed an enthusiasm for swimming. "I envied Florence Chadwick," recalls Mary. "I envied that woman so much. I could swim all day, and I just knew I could swim the English Channel. But my father was a doctor during the

**JOB FAMILY**, minus son Brian, treads water in Mosquito Lake. From left: father Glenn, son Stephen, Mary, daughters Lisa and Brenda

Depression and nobody paid him, so I couldn't afford to go to England." Indeed, she had to find her own rides to nearby AAU meets and never got any encouragement from home.

Today, as it happens, Mary's first-born, Stephen, his swimming days at an end, would like to make it as a singer. Having withdrawn from Yale, where he swam the free-style leg on the national record-breaking 400-meter medley-relay team, Stephen has taken an automobile-plant job while living at home and waiting to see whether he will be drafted. Two nights a week, he sings and plays folk guitar in a coffee house in nearby Warren. "I loved to swim for Yale," says Stephen. "That's the highest I've been. And swimming was good discipline; it has helped me with other things, with the guitar, which I love, because it gave me a sense of myself, of how I learn things—how I'll go a little and reach a plateau and have to stick with it, and can stick with it, until I get across and start improving again. But

*continued*

I don't miss swimming. I miss the competition, but you can set up other challenges for yourself. Music is my thing. It's what I want to do."

Swimming was what Mary wanted the kids to do. As she remembers it, she got the idea of family swim workouts one evening when Stephen was about 9, after she proposed that the whole family do some standard calisthenics on the rug and it turned out that one of the kids didn't even know what a squat-thrust was. Appalled at the evidently low state of phys ed in the local parochial school, Mary resolved to condition the kids herself in the lake out back. All Stephen remembers, though, is that "I asked my mother if she could teach me to swim and she went a little overboard."

It wasn't long before Stephen and Brian were entering local meets, and their times, Mary noticed when she looked up the national records for their age groups, were very fast. "I couldn't believe my children were that good," she says, and that was when she really started on them.

Pretty soon all four young Jobs were noted in Ohio swimming circles. Lisa learned to swim at the age of 1 and entered her first meet at 5; on her way back home in the car she said, "I want to retire." Other young swimmers came to work out in the lake, where Mary was glad to supervise them. But by and large, says Mary, "They were like fish

out of water." Sometimes these visitors could hardly finish one of the wave-towed laps from the Jobs' dock to a neighbor's breakwater and back, roughly 200 yards. By contrast, the Job kids were doing as many as 13. The visitors went back to their pools, which were unavailable in Cortland, and the Jobs continued to plow through the waves.

"I hated it with a passion," says Brian today. "I hated swimming. I hated that whole scene. It got to the point that we were crying while we were doing our laps. Whenever anyone would mention laps, or lap times, you'd just feel sick. I wouldn't want to wake up in the morning, because I knew I'd have to do laps. And then after the morning laps you'd spend the whole day dreading the laps in the evening. You'd just live from one workout to the next, dreading them."

"It wasn't like some of the stories that got around, that we were being beaten to a pulp," adds Brian. "But my Mom had a belt—if we'd rebel against doing any more laps she'd yell, 'All right, that's a belt.' Every year we'd have a meeting and Mom would tell us how many laps we had to do. Every year it would be more. She'd say, 'Brian, 12 laps,' or something, and I'd say, 'But I'm only 10 years old!'"

Occasionally Mary would relent and allow them to do push-ups instead of laps. "Push-ups," says Brian, "would be a great vacation—1,000 push-ups. In groups of 100, and we'd count for each other, '1, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 20...' We'd cheat, and when she wasn't on the deck to count our laps we'd play around, have a great time in the water."

But Mary had ways of checking up. Once she took Lisa aside and said, "Stephen tells me you've been lying, that you haven't been doing your laps." "Well, he hasn't been doing them either!" cried Lisa, and the next day Mary was back on the dock.

Swimming wasn't all the kids had to do. They had to sleep a lot. "Until I was 13 I never went to bed later than 7:30," says Stephen. "That's pretty gross. Twenty-two laps, practicing the piano and in bed by 7:30. And we had to take naps, too! Had to stay in bed and not get up, and not play. I'd get up and get a toy, and I'd get my finger stuck in it. I'd try to pull it out, pull it out as quietly as I could, and it would

still be stuck. I'd have to go to my mother and ask her to get it out for me, and then she'd know I'd been up. Sometimes Brian and I would take naps together, and then it would be who could hate the other the quietest."

Also the kids had to work in the garden, and play several musical instruments. "Something," says Mary. "I wanted them to have something. Something in sports. Something in music. Something."

"I practiced the piano, the organ, the guitar and the saxophone," says Brian. "That and swimming didn't leave us much time for anything we wanted to do. I used to regret that. But I made a lot of models—that was my big thing, models. There are all those models around the house today, so I must have found some time. But I don't know when."

In fact, there must have been a good many delights around the Job house. "You could walk by and grab a handful of wild raspberries or blackberries," says Brian. "And we had a big plum tree. You couldn't mow around the plum tree at all because the mower would just go ish, squash. One year there was a late frost and it killed all the bugs, and that tree got so heavy that it bent over double and broke in two. Just with the weight of all those plums. That was the first time I thought there was something kind of cool about fruit trees."

There was time, too, for playing around in the water, water-skiing behind the family boat, or being pulled by the boat on a winged contraption Brian built from plans in *Popular Mechanics*. It would dive way below the surface and then zoom up when you adjusted its fins. The family still leaves the boat in the water late every year. Last year Glenn took it out on the day of the Browns-Colts playoff game, Dec. 10.

"I was watching the game on television," says Mary, "and I wondered why Glenn hadn't come in to watch it. He'd never missed a playoff game before."

Glenn says, "I had run all the gas out of the motor, and I had gotten into the boat to bail it out before beaching it. I looked up, and the wind was blowing me away from shore. I started paddling back with the bailing cans, but after a while I could see that I was losing ground. So I just stood up in the



MOM WANTED TO SWIM ENGLISH CHANNEL

boat and held a hauling can under each arm into the wind and let it blow me all the way across to the other shore."

Glenn is 60 pounds overweight, and the girls devote a lot of time to razzing him about it, but it is hard to get his goat. "I remember my mom was always angry at my dad because he wouldn't make us do things," says Brian. "I guess in most families your dad is sort of an ogre and your mom is somebody you can always go to to be comforted. In ours it was the other way around. We'd like it a lot better when Dad supervised our workouts—not because he let us get away with not doing anything, because he didn't, but because it was so much more pleasant with him."

Swimming was not pleasant with anyone, though, in the spring and early fall. "The water was so cold," says Brian, "that the only thing you could do was jump as high in the air as you could and start doing your best stroke the minute you hit the water."

The family considered moving to a warmer climate. One spring, says Mary, "We packed up our kids, saved our money . . ."

"In that order," interjects Glenn.

"That's right," says Mary. "... and took off for Florida."

But they never did move there, or to California, where Mary would like to go now—perhaps to reactivate Lisa, who retired at the age of 10 after having held a national record for her age group in every stroke. But Glenn cannot see leaving the family glass business, which he runs.

"I told him," says Mary. "You won't even have to work if we move. I'll teach."

"That was no inducement for me," says Glenn.

Mary was able, however, to make arrangements to get the kids more swimming time. "When they built the YMCA pool in town," says Mary, "Glenn contributed \$300, and he was underbid for the glass contract by \$100. But when they tried to use the pool for workouts, we said no."

The only accessible indoor pool was 18 miles away at the Jewish Community Center in Youngstown, and for some time the Jobs were able to use it for winter workouts. That meant rushing home from school, eating supper, rushing off to Youngstown for an hour and a

half of swimming and then rushing back, sometimes as late as 10:30 or 11, for homework. Lisa never got much sleep and Mary believes it stunted her growth. "She was a tiny little thing," Mary says. "She didn't start to grow until she retired."

Then ill will developed. The issues are confusing, but there were complaints that Mary was giving members swimming lessons for pay when she wasn't supposed to. "At one point people had to slap folded-up bills to me under the water," she says. In addition, the center wanted Lisa to swim on its team, but that didn't fit the Jobs' plans.

"We are not geared," says a center official today, "to a championship situation. We try to serve the entire family and provide a good, positive experience in a group setting."

"Somebody put a notice on the bulletin board," maintains Mary, "saying GENTILES SHOULD NOT BE TRAINING IN A JEWISH CENTER. Then one night there was a note at the locker room entrance: LISA JOB IS NOT PERMITTED TO USE THIS POOL."

Then there was the mysterious failure of several of the kids' record patches to reach the Jobs' house. "They were sent by national headquarters through Cleveland," says Mary, "and we never got them. So we have an enemy in Cleveland. Someone in Cleveland has kept the Jobs' national record patches! Isn't that unbelievable?"

The trouble with the center was the most telling, though, because it meant that Lisa had to retire. "Lisa Job ended her brilliant five-year swimming career with probably her most outstanding performance at an AAU meet Sunday at Cuyahoga Falls," read a story in the Warren, Ohio *Tribune Chronicle*.

"The pint-size mermaid was victorious in each of the seven events she entered and at the same time set a pair of national records and seven district marks."

"Lisa is retiring from competition because of the lack of training facilities available throughout the year."

At one point, when Stephen was 13, all four Jobs stopped swimming for a year. "I asked them if they wanted to swim anymore," says Mary. "and they said, 'If you want us to.' 'It's not for me,' I said. 'You're the ones who swim.' So we quit for a year. But then they missed their friends and we started up

again. After that I felt they were swimming because they wanted to."

Stephen remembers that he quit independently of the others, and that after he started up again, "I came back into swimming thinking of it as a horse race—I had to condition myself to beat the other fellow. Before, I was just afraid to lose, and my adrenaline came from that fear. Before, I was a worrier. Now nothing bothers me."

Brian remembers, "We did miss our friends. We didn't like swimming, but we loved the meets, seeing our friends there and doing things like exploring the buildings where the meets were held. But when we went back to swimming after the layoff, I don't think we had much choice in the matter."

Brenda quit for good not long thereafter. She was a state champion. "But I don't think she ever really cared whether she won or not," says Mary. Brian thinks his mother let Brenda and Lisa quit in part because "she didn't want them to look the way older girls usually look when they keep on swimming." Also, he notes, "There are no college swimming scholarships for girls."

At about the time Brenda quit, Brian, then 14, moved away to attend Kent State University High School—a prep school with a good indoor pool and swimming team. The main reason Mary wanted the boys to keep on swimming, she says, was so that they could win schol-

continued



BRIAN HOLDS U.S. BREASTSTROKE MARKS

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arships to good colleges. For some time that did not appeal to Brian. "I didn't want to go to college," he says. "I didn't like school. So there I was doing something I didn't want to do, so I could go somewhere I didn't want to go." But at Kent he became enthusiastic about his studies and began to look forward to college. Also, "I realized at Kent that I wouldn't be going home much anymore. Ever. It was strange."

The next summer, the summer of '66, it was time to face up to something else: the Olympics. An Ohio boy they knew had been considered likely to make the '64 Olympics, but he had declined the chance to go to California to swim year-round outdoors under the tutelage of George Haines, the famous swimming coach at Santa Clara High School and the Santa Clara Swim Club. The boy didn't make it to the Olympics.

At a meet that spring, remembers Haines, "A boy came up next to me and stood there for a while, trying to work up the courage to say something. I just wanted to see what he would do. Finally he said, 'How much is tuition at Santa Clara?' I said, 'Who wants to know?' He told me he was Brian Joh, and I knew who he was, of course, he was a national champion, and I told him Santa Clara was a public high school and anybody who lived in the district could go there. 'I might be coming out,' he said, and I said fine, he'd be welcome. That was the last I heard until he showed up the next fall in a neck brace."

"My parents left the decision up to me," says Brian. "I really loved Kent, and finally I came to the decision to stay there. But then I broke my neck, and I figured I'd made such a mess of things I'd better do anything I could. I figured I owed it to my parents to go to Santa Clara."

As for Mary, when she is asked whether she didn't regret sending her son away so young, she says, "Well, he was such a good swimmer, it hurt me that he only had four months out of the year to practice."

The neck fracture had occurred when Brian dived off a 10-meter board and didn't hit the water in a straight enough line. Previously, he had broken his nose twice, sprained his wrist (he took the brace off, at his mother's urging, so officials would allow him to enter a half-mile lake swim), pulled a muscle com-

pletely out from between two vertebrae, and broke his hand and ankle playing volleyball (but he got out of his ankle cast a week before the nationals and finished sixth in the 200-yard breast). A week and a half after he broke his neck he left the hospital and went through the windshield of a car.

"Stephen was driving me home from a party in a light drizzle," Brian recalls, "and he was showing me how well his car handled and zing! right into a guy wire. The seat flipped forward and threw me through the windshield and halfway onto the hood. Stephen took me to the hospital. I looked like I was on my deathbed. The neck brace kept the glass from cutting my neck too badly, but I had glass sticking all over in my face. I found pieces of glass in the worst places—in my teeth! I was pulling splinters out for months afterward."

And that September, still only 15, he boarded a plane for Santa Clara, a family the Johs had met at a meet had offered to let him live with them. "I felt sorry for him," remembers Brenda. "He was being pushed. At the airport he said he didn't want his jacket, and then he came back out of the plane and said he did want it, and then he said, 'I don't want to go.'"

He went, though, and had to change planes at Los Angeles. "I had my neck brace on, and I wasn't supposed to run, and I had two suitcases and four other things to carry, and I'd never been there before, and I had just 23 minutes to catch the last plane to San Jose and I didn't know where to go. . . . That's the only time I've ever been homesick. I was in bad shape. That night I called home to talk to my dad and I was in tears. I said, 'I don't like it, I want to come home.' He said to call back in two weeks."

A little over a year later he was in the Olympics, where he traded sweat suits with a Pole and enjoyed chess games and old Beatles' songs with several Russians, including one who played a guitar with a missing string. Brian began to take an interest in the guitar again, after having forsaken enforced practice on that instrument as soon as he could, and now he is very much into rock guitar, as well as tropical fish and motorcycles.

"When I was at the Olympics I thought about it," he says, "and I decided that if it was just for myself I'd

sooner not swim. But so many people have helped me. My parents put so much time into my swimming, and so many people have taken me into their houses—the Bottoms were like a second family to me, and the Stevenses were like a third family, and the Corwins at Kent were like a fourth family, and the Cummingses and the Bairds. . . . So I really kept on going because I felt like I owed it to so many other people, and they were counting on me."

At 16 Brian won a bronze medal in the Olympic 200-meter breast, and since then he has broken the American records for both 200 and 100 meters several times and stands within 4 of the world mark set by the Russian Nikolai Pankin. He has also broken his ankle directing traffic after a party, and a horse has fallen on him. "This horse really liked to run," he says. "I didn't realize he was running away. I was enjoying it. But then he jumped a fence. I thought, 'Wait a minute,' and then he ran straight across a highway—the only time I've ever seen that highway when it wasn't full of cars. He ran for 30 minutes, made a right-angle turn, his feet went out from under him and he rolled over on my knee. What cured that was being in the hospital and resting after an emergency appendectomy."

Brian finished high school with nearly an A average, and he did well last year as a freshman at Stanford, a place for which he has great affection. He spent two hours a day last year, on his own, at one of the university's computer keyboards, doing things like opposing the computer in "9 by 9 ticktacktoe," which is ticktacktoe on 81 different levels. "My friend and I were playing against the computer, setting up about five attacks at once," he says, "and the computer was setting up its attacks—and all of a sudden the computer noticed what we were doing, and with one move it wiped us out. It was so blatant! The computer noticed, and came after us! It was unbelievable!"

George Haines says, "Most breaststrokers are psycho about their stroke. They're always worrying about their rhythm, and when it gets off you'll work with them and they won't change, but they'll think they've changed. But if Brian's rhythm gets off he can work on it and get it right back. Because he's not just swimming-oriented. He's got other

things on his mind. Some guys just swim and eat and come back and swim again. They don't think about anything but swimming and they get psycho. But Brian's got other things on his mind."

"He's a great kid. He does push-ups and knee bends on his own. You can't make a kid do that. That takes dedication. Every time you look at him he's talking about something else besides swimming. The other day he was quoted as saying he's been tired of swimming since he was 7, but I can't believe it. He always looks like he's enjoying it."

"There's always a fear," says Brian. "You know you're not going to die, but you know that if you swim a fast time it will hurt so much, and you're afraid of that. But I guess my body has just been conditioned to it."

"I always hated to have somebody right next to me, keeping right up with me, and I used to work to where I could stay way out in front of everybody. But there would always be somebody else keeping up. So I could progress in stages."

"My breaststroke today is exactly the same stroke my mom taught me back in the lake. I had to have different training later, but no coach has ever touched my stroke."

"I hated my mom. I can remember lying on my bed and wondering how God could be so mean as to give me a mom like her. All the other kids had nice moms. I thought, why should I have her?"

"I hated swimming. I mean, I know. I don't hate my mom. She's a smart woman. She's taught us a lot of things that have been valuable—ways to memorize things, ways to practice. When I got a little older I'd start thinking, 'What would I do if I were a parent?' and I realized it must be hard. But if I had to do it all over again. . . . And as to whether I'll want my children to swim, I don't know. I don't think so."

On the other hand, let it be noted that in the Jobs' scrapbook, amongst the Mother's Day cards and the graduation programs and "a lock of Grandma Root's hair, 30 years old" (she is the one who wanted to be the opera singer), there is a recent newspaper clipping in which Brian is quoted as saying, "The whole race went just like I planned it. About halfway through I said to myself, 'Hey, you feel good, you feel good,' and I did."

END

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# GRAND PRIX AMERICAN STYLE



Of all the words associated with auto racing, probably none roll off the tongue more richly than these two: Grand Prix. They suggest heroic cars (Bugatti, Mercedes, Ferrari) and epic drivers (Nuvolari, Fangio, Moss). American fans, provided with other kinds of racing in amazing variety and quantity, rarely get to see the Grand Prix circus. Recently, however, they have begun to discover a spectacular native offshoot, called Formula A. The cars are true racers, and look it. Competition is sharp, with wheel-to-wheel dicing on every menu. One may even latch onto a favorite driver with some sense of discovery (no ace biz agt. has yet packaged this crowd); maybe a man like John Cannon, the driver coexisting with the winged car opposite. Turn the pages for a sampler of his colorful scene.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT





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2





Each race weekend is a panorama of sights and sounds, from the pit stops to practice to the earnestness of such drivers as TV entertainer Dick Smothers (hidden inside his racing gear below)—all of it aimed at high-speed motoring competition over beautifully tricky circuits like this one outside Kent, Wash.





## cannon fire in a bright new arena

**J**ohn Cannon is a character in search of an audience. At 33 his face has acquired a soft ruggedness, his eyes are a piercing blue and his brown hair is always properly tousled. He is a native of England; when he speaks, the words tumble out gracefully in a BBC accent flattened only slightly by nearly 13 years' residence in North America, mostly in Montreal but lately in Pasadena. He looks and talks exactly like what he is, a professional race driver, and he is probably the best of those competing in the Sports Car Club of America's Continental Championship for Formula A cars, the one most likely to win the series driving into this year.

Fire. But what is Formula A?

The Formula A race car, in its present form, was created in a moment of desperation by the SCCA's professional competition director, John Kaser, near the end of the 1967 racing season. That year, in an attempt to bring the joys of open-wheel, single-seat road racing to an American public more conditioned to oval tracks, the club sponsored a series called the SCCA Grand Prix Championship. The idea was to have a road-racing series in North America that would parallel the Grand Prix Formula 1 circuit, which produces the world champion driver. The rules allowed for and encouraged Formula 1 cars to enter the SCCA series.

For various reasons no Formula 1 cars showed up, and the series had to be run with lesser stuff. It bombed. Jim Kaser came on with some mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. A man who had already put together two other successful professional road shows, the Canadian-American

Challenge Cup series for unlimited sports cars and the Trans-American championship for Detroit's emerging pony cars, he had the lungs for it.

What Kaser did was invent a special kind of a racer, which he called Formula A, and in less than three years it has proved to be an exciting mix of Detroit technology and European road-racing charisma.

Formula A calls for a five-liter (305 cu. in.) American V-8 production engine (in practice usually a Chevrolet) to be mated with simplified versions of name-brand Formula 1 chassis such as Lotus, Lola and McLaren. It's that simple, and the result is a delicate, twitchy racer capable of top speeds above 180 mph, which on certain tight courses can outrun a more powerful but bulkier United States Auto Club championship car, i.e., an Indy racer.

A Formula A car can be built cheaply, too. One man's cheap is another's bankruptcy, of course, but the \$15,000 to \$25,000 it costs to own a Formula A car is an easier swallow than the \$60,000 minimum for an Indianapolis-type racer, and you don't have to beat an Andretti or a Foyt to win some prize money.

In 1969 the series was given its present name—the Continental Championship—and this year its 14 races will be worth nearly \$500,000 in purses (20% going to Formula B cars, smaller and slower, which run as a preliminary to the Formula A show).

The Continental contains all the ingredients of a hit except one; it lacks names. One name it has—Dick Smothers—is more noted for sticking pins into CBS execs than cars into corners. It is fair to ask just who are Ron Grable, Gus Hutchinson, Fred Baker and Dave Jordan and, for that matter, John Cannon, who is No. 1.

Cannon's father, now retired, was a career British Army officer, and Cannon himself attended the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell, studying everything from thermodynamics to aerial war.

He also flew ground-attack Vampires. "I loved flying," he says, "but I hated the service." At Cranwell he discovered auto racing at the nearby Brands Hatch and Silverstone circuits, and in late 1957, at 20, he came to Montreal in order to earn enough money to finance a European racing venture.

He has never been back. He began racing 10 years ago in Canada, and in 1968 gained a measure of notoriety when he won a Can-Am event at Laguna Seca, Calif., the last time, as it has turned out, that anybody except a Team McLaren driver has won a race in that rich series.

Last year Cannon would have preferred Can-Am, but couldn't raise the necessary money, and when Malcolm Starr, a wealthy Eastern owner-driver, offered him a Formula A car, Cannon jumped. He drove superbly, won three races, led several others and finished fourth in the final point standings.

This year, racing a McLaren-Chevrolet for Starr and St. Louis Trucker Carl Hogan, Cannon has already won three races and seems assured of the driving title. Then what? "I am using this series as a steppingstone to Formula 1 racing," Cannon says bluntly.

To the SCCA, however, the Continental is not a steppingstone to anything. In time, it is hoped, the Continental, through television, increased prize money and greater spectator interest, will take its place alongside the Can-Am and Trans-Am as a racing series of the first order.

Strangely enough, Formula A at the moment is getting its biggest boosts from outside the United States. In Europe, where it is known as Formula 5000, several fledgling series have caught on handsomely. In New Zealand and Australia the Tasman Cup series, an eight-race, off-season competition for Grand Prix drivers, adopted Formula 5000 two years ago, also with notable success. It should happen here.

—KIM CHAPIN

Decal-decked racer is a departure from the more austere European mode of car decoration, but pit pretties, praise be, are entirely in keeping with an old and graceful Grand Prix way of setting the stage.

There is a lot of talk around the University of Kentucky about building a new 28,000-seat basketball arena, and what nobler sentiment than to name it after **Adolph Rupp**? Still, when someone proposed calling it the "Rupp Memorial Coliseum," the coach growled that, if it was all the same, "I'd favor the word 'memorial' being left out at this time."

If baseball was upset over the book *Bull Four*, wait until the movie, which could make *Myra Breckinridge* look a lot like *Snob* *Wife*. In fact, pitcher-author **Jim Bouton** is already worried about casting. Let's see: only Paul Newman could play Bouton, right? Then "Elliott Gould would be **Steve Hovley**," says Jim. "Donald Sutherland will be **Gene Brubender**." He approved Ernest Borgnine to play **Sal Maglie** and allowed that "if Selma Diamond were a man, she would be a good **Harry Walker**." Well, casting managers is tough

None of that routine ribbon-cutting for the new \$25.5 million Ontario Motor Speedway, which is California's answer to Inds. To open the track, officials staged special races teaming top pro drivers with amateur celebrities, a lavish production in which the hills were alive with the sound of breaking transmissions. **Parnelli Jones** drove three fast laps, turned his Porsche 914 over to **Paul Newman**, who whipped smartly out of the pits and stripped the gears. **Ken Venturi** missed a pit stop and left **Al Unser** out of it, and then old hand **Pancho Gonzales** stepped on it too hard and spun out, four times. His sidekick, **Dan Gurney**, tried to make up the time by taking a few shortcuts through the infield. Disqualified. Then, Astronaut **Pete Conrad** flashed past **Dick Smothers**, which was great, except that the race was over. "It really was a lark," said Smothers, propping after the race. "But when the drivers got out there, they got serious. You know. They all have those egos." Yeah. Dick. We know.

"Remember Lon Chaney Jr., where he first catches sight of the moon and then he looks down at his hands and they're starting to curl? Right at that point, he becomes a baseball manager."

Elsewhere on the film front: it has been reliably reported that **Frank Gifford** will be screen-tested for the lead in that other epic, *The Love Machine*. Careful, Frank—remember that blind side tackle at Yankee Stadium in 1960.

• The guy in the jazzy white sportcoat was **Bud Palmer**, one-time New York Knicks captain, currently a sportswriter and the city's official greeter. He was adding a new occupation, Bud explained, that of men's fashion designer, and the new coat was part of his thing. It was knit, see, just the right touch for active wear. Well, everybody knows it is a long tradition for the official city greeter to be something of a dandy. Knit coats—huhmm? Beautiful, Bud. Lac still, Greener Wholen.

"I remember your name perfectly, I just can't place your face," observed a bystander at a recent baseball game in Allentown, Pa., no wonder. The occasion was the First National Jim Smith Fun Festival, sponsored

by the Jim Smith Society, and the Jim Smith Allstars had just defeated the Jim Smith Terrors by a score of 15-13. A three-run homer socked by **James Michael Smith** of Felton decided the game. Winning pitcher was **James A. Smith** of Ridgeway, losing pitcher **James A. Smith** of Riverdale, Md. The Allstars voted **James R. Smith** of Neelyton their Most Valuable Player, an honor accorded by the losing team to **James W. Smith** of Middletown. More than 100 persons showed up for the proceedings, 33 of them Jim Smiths. For the information of Jim Smiths who may want to inquire about next year's festivities, the founder lives in Camp Hill, Pa. His name is . . . uh, **James H. Smith Jr.**

In a sort of "how it can be told" adventure, Pirate Outfielder **Roberto Clemente** has revealed that he was kidnapped in San Diego last year. He was peacefully toting a packet of fried chicken back to his hotel one night, he says, and was abducted at gunpoint by four desperadoes. Driven into the hills, he was forced to strip, Roberto says, and the gunmen took his wallet, All-Star ring, \$250, and were all set to shoot him—"They already had the pistol inside my mouth." But Roberto smooth-talked them out of it—try that sometime

with a pistol in your mouth—and they returned his money, ring, Players' Association card and clothes, and released him. Fine. Well, there was one more tense moment when Roberto heard the gang pull up behind him again. The car window rolled down and Clemente figured this was the end. "Here," the handist said, and handed back the fried chicken.

**SECOND Most Thrilling Fried Chicken Item of the Week:**

**Archie Moore**, endorsing his stuff, said, "Fried chicken has a personality all its own. It can be a full meal or a snack. It can be eaten at a table or riding in a car. If you can't finish what you've got, wrap it in a napkin and it will keep for some time. You can eat it hot or cold, with a fork or freestyle." That's nice, Archie. But look—don't tell us. Tell Clemente.

**Sporting Double-Reverse, End-Around Play of the Week:**

First, Mommy threw her five-year-old son out of their Greenwich Village apartment, telling him to get lost. He did. That was bad. But police found him and brought him back. That was good. "Mommy's got grass in there," the boy said. And Mommy did have 11 bricks of marijuana, about 25 pounds. Mommy was arrested. Win one for the nipper.

Far East policy passed another test in Tokyo last week. Japan's Foreign Minister **Kikichi Aikida** had already rapped out two singles, the eighth inning was coming up and the score was tied at Bull in the annual East-West Embassy softball game. And up stepped Chief Umpire **Arnie H. Meyer** to call it a diplomatic draw, which may not have saved a whole lot of face, but didn't hurt his other job as U.S. Ambassador.



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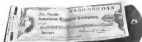
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## The New BFG Lifesaver Radials. Your life should be riding on them.

## Hula, moolah and no blahs

The Hawaiian Islanders are a touch of Old Shoe and Old Mainland.

The best buy in Honolulu, these minor leagues draw with the bigs

What's the best show in Honolulu? There's always Rukū, "The Girl Who Wears Nothing" at the Esquire Theatre. Or why not take in one of those delightfully dreadful Japanese movies like *Goke, the Body Snatcher from Hell*, or the latest adventures of Ochi, The Blind Swordsman, a balletic *Kendo* flick where limbs fall like petals from a yellow rose? Ecceit!

The perfect answer to the tourist blahs in Honolulu is a combo called the Hawaiian Islanders. The name may be a bit prosaic, and the act runs only from 7:30 to 10:30 every night they're in town, but the minimum is a paltry \$1.75. No drink costs more than half a buck, while the tourist interested in authentic Hawaiian cuisine (circa 1970) can get a full meal—from soup to nuts—for less than a dollar. The soup is *uluwau*, a pork-noodle broth, the nuts are boiled peanuts, and the entertainment is classical—baseball.

Last week more than 60,000 fun-seekers enjoyed the Islanders' Triple-A act, bringing the season's attendance to nearly 400,000, with seven more games to be played at home. Hawaii has already bettered by 100,000 its own league attendance record for 146 games that it set last year. Owners of many a major league team—the White Sox and Padres among them—would dance the hula for that kind of moolah. The occasion for last week's record turnout was a seven-game home stand against the Phoenix Giants, who trailed the Islanders in the Pacific Coast League's Southern Division by 9½ games when they came to town. It was a tough, hard-played series, marked by those flashes of youthful brilliance and aged ignominy that characterize minor league ball. Not until the last game was the issue resolved. Happily for the 6,986 who attended, the Islanders won it 4-2, and thus took the series, four games to three.

What accounts for baseball's success in a place mainly noted for its surfboards and electric guitars? First off, the Is-

landers under Manager Chuck Tanner, the bold old Brave, are playing splendid ball. Winning at a .670 clip, and with only 20 games left to play in the season, they are certain to capture their first division title, and maybe their first pennant, in a decade of existence. But even if they were losers, the Islanders would be fun to watch.

Baseball provides a much-needed shot of reality on Oahu, an ingrown mid-Pacific lump of lava that is rapidly turning to plastic. In contrast to the gaudy, gamy hotels of Waikiki, Honolulu Stadium is a bit of back home. Manager Tanner and his trainer, Bob (Doc) Feron, who both worked for the Milwaukee Brewers in that club's American Association days, liken the stadium to Milwaukee's late Borchardt Field, which was known locally as Borchardt Orchard, and whose roof once blew off in a moderate gale. Honolulu Stadium is equally decrepit: at the age of 45, its bones have gone fragile thanks to an infestation of termites, and peanut shells rattle down through cracks in the grandstand like the rain of Somerset Maugham's classic. Billboards bright with local advertising stud the outfield walls. One of

them contains a five-foot-wide *puke*, or circular hole, backed with a bit of fishnet, through which butters are urged to hit homers and win \$1,000 per shot. (Only one Islander, the memorable No-Neck Williams, has ever turned the trick.) Another sign proudly pants: "Anything goes with Holsum, the Sandwhich Islands Bread." Rotsa yuck.

The atmosphere of Hawaiian ball is unlike anything found elsewhere in baseball, major or minor league. Spectators wear faded Aloha shirts, tattered shorts, rubber go-aheads and delicately patterned Japanese umbrellas to fend off the Manoa mist, a cool-headed rain-shower, actually the bottom of a cloud, that drifts down through the stadium at least three or four times a night. When the mist thickens too much for play, everyone heads for the concession stands to consume a diet that would give Ahner Doubleday (or Alexander Cartwright, if you prefer) a galloping case of ghostly gastritis. One night last week the customers downed 15,000 cups of soda pop, 6,000 more of beer, 3,000 frozen milkshakes, 1,800 orders of *manu*—and 857 ears of boiled, heavily buttered corn on the cob. Not to mention enough hot dogs, hamburgers, peanuts and potato chips to feed all the crews of all the tugboats in Pearl Harbor. Only 300 of them opted for *manu*, another local delicacy known as Chinese hamburger (it's actually boiled pork, dyed blood red, and stunningly set inside a soggy, steamed dumpling).

Between sips and nibbles, the fans cheered unashamedly for the local talent—which is considerable. One favorite is Third Baseman John Werhas, 32, a Washington Senators castoff who is batting 10th in the league at .290. A long, gaunt, clutch-hitting crowd pleaser, Werhas affects a lacy *hawaiian-ugavist* shirt off the field, and his teammates call him Peaches. The fans wouldn't dare to—or care to. Another aging vet is Pitcher Dennis Bennett, 30, who has been with four major league clubs from Philadelphia to Anaheim, and who currently owns the best win record in the PCL (15-8) plus one of the worst ERAs (4.96). Bennett's value to the club is in his savvy (he cannot do it consistently himself anymore, but he can tell young pitchers such as Tom Bradley, 10-1, just where to pitch against whom) and in his pinch-hitting (currently .307). Like so many of the other Islanders, Bennett is tough



CHUCK TANNER IS NEEDLESSLY WARY

without being cynical. "I try to perform," he says.

The Islanders also abound in vigorous young talent on the way up. The left fielder, Winston Llenas, 26, "The Dominican Dandy," leads the league in both batting (.340) and RBIs (101). Doug Griffin, 23, is a quick, magnetically gifted second baseman whose .333 hitting and league-leading 28 stolen bases electrify the audience only a few volts less than his fielding. Clearly he is the best of the brood in terms of the future. During a 2-0 shutout of the Giants at midweek, Griffin seemingly teleported himself onto the path of a sure single between second and first, meditated for a moment in a yoga position known as the how, then threw the runner out with yards to spare. "Griffin's got major leagues written all over him," says Tanner.

The same could probably be said about Tanner himself. With the help of General Manager Jack Quinn, the scion of a three-generation baseball family and practitioner of the best in trading and buying tactics, Tanner at 42 bridges the generation gap in baseball. Triple-A teams are generally the last stop for mavericks and burnt-out caves, but Tanner can handle them all, the rebellious young and jaded old. Werhas, Outfielder Jim Hicks, 31, and Relief Pitcher Roy Face, 41, are playing like men half a decade younger. Catcher Merritt Ranew, steadily improving at 32, was virtually given up for dead after having his skull smashed by a bat in May 1966 at Vancouver, and almost forgotten after being dropped by Denver early this year. Tanner rang his home in Augusta, Ga. day after day until he finally connected. Tanner got a much-needed catcher, Ranew another chance.

On the far side of the gap, Tanner has brought Llenas, Griffin, Shortstop Marty Perez and Pitchers Bradley and Archie Reynolds to the edge of major league status. Recently he acquired long-haired Outfielder Hank McGraw, 27, from Philadelphia, and that cantankerous dissident of the barber's chair a certain, long locks and all, to be swinging his big bat before the home stand ends.

One evening last week umbrellas bloomed warmly in the dusk, and the crunching sounds of termites and corn-on-the-cob eaters filled the damp air. The voice of a little girl in a big, bright marmar shot through the infield like a line drive off Winnie Llenas' bat:

"C'mon, Blanders, show 'em where it's at!" With the Manoa mist beading his own long but gray suleburns, Tanner looked up into the stands and grinned. "Hey," he said quietly, "this has just gotta be the best show in town." And maybe in baseball.

## THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

**AL EAST** Expansion may have watered down the talent on other major league teams, but spare the Merv Rettenmund fans that argument in Baltimore. Rettenmund is now leading the Orioles in hitting at .318 and still hasn't made the regular outfield. Saturday he went three for five and got his 14th home run and 47th RBI in only 260 at-bats, but he was playing only because Frank Robinson was feeling poorly.

Second-place NEW YORK won its eighth straight victory over Kansas City, an accomplishment overshadowed by Baltimore's own string of 23 straight over the Royals. DETROIT lost three games by one run after having been ahead in all three.

BOSTON was an unfortunate 13 games out, but Manager Eddie Kasko was unbowed after a doubleheader victory over Minnesota (page 8) and attendance beamed back high above the million mark. Charlie Finley chided a deal Alvin Dark tried to make for Reggie Jackson—"Jackson isn't available now, tomorrow, or in the foreseeable future," Finley told Dark—and Dark's CLEVELAND Indians cooled their heels on an August Saturday while a pro football exhibition game was played. WASHINGTON won five straight, the Senators' longest winning streak of the season, as Dick Bosman and Jackie Brown gave them complete games and the relief staff did not yield a run.

BALT 75-64 NY 86-52 DET 82-56  
BOS 80-37 CLEV 87-82 WASH 87-82

**AL WEST** The MINNESOTA TWINS, who hadn't been shut out in their last 125 games, were blanked twice in their recent nine-game losing streak. Their eight-game lead, which Bill Rigney had called "comfortable but not secure," was down to 4½ games, and in one infamous game against the Senators, the Twins were rescued from a no-hitter only by Cesar Tovar's leadoff bunt single.

"I definitely feel it now," said OAKLAND'S Torrey Davis. "This club gives me a permanent feeling." Chuck Dobson pitched his sixth shutout and eighth straight victory,

Jim Roland threw nine scoreless innings in relief before injuring his knee and the A's won five in a row before Sudden Sam McDowell struck out nine and beat them 4-3. Just prior to the game, when SI's Aug. 17 article on hysteria was the topic of clubhouse discussion, McDowell said, "Pat Jordan is just some old ballplayer turned psychanalyst. How's he going to know what's wrong with me when I don't know myself?" After the game, McDowell said, "I just decided to throw hard all night."

"For the first time in our history," said CALIFORNIA General Manager Dick Walsh, "the American League asked us to the World Series ticket meeting. They liked our ticket design. And the way we're going we may use them." The Angels had already cut 3½ games off Minnesota's lead before Friday. As they assembled for the pregame meeting, their towering, haloed, A-shaped scoreboard flashed still another Twin loss. "That will serve as our meeting," Lefty Phillips said. The Angels went out and won again.

For the SEATTLE BREWERS it was a case of the king of the good bops. They won three straight one-run games, including a 4-3 thriller in 11 innings over Cleveland that tied them for fourth place. Dropping as fast as the Brewers rose, KANSAS CITY did have the consolation of ending a losing streak of 10 straight against Boston, but streaks of eight and 23 games against New York and Baltimore remained intact. Still faced with the worst record in the majors (43-79), White Sox supporters found their sole satisfaction in informing Northerners that Leo Durocher's Cubs were stuck on automatic check.

MINN 70-47 OAK 87-53 CAL 88-82  
MIL 42-74 KC 64-78 CRI 42-70

**NL EAST** As a near-capacity crowd watched the final warmup pitch at Three Rivers Stadium, the lights went out. Management blamed a four-alarm fire elsewhere. Duquesne Light tacitly blamed stadium maintenance, the responsibility of Broadway Maintenance, and Broadway Maintenance blamed Duquesne Light. If blame was never fixed, the lights were, which was unfortunate for the PITTSBURGH PIRATES, who played as if they preferred darkness. The Pirates walked 11, allowed 11 hits, threw two wild pitches, committed three errors and lost to the NEW YORK METS 10-2. The next night, with a kind of butty logic—there was a big black bat, flycatcher variety, dive-bombing the mound—Pittsburgh gained half a game on the Mets, who were flattered by Danny Mortag's feeling that tying them in a four-game series was at least as good as kissing somebody else's sister. The Mets should have stayed in Pittsburgh. At Atlanta they split a doubleheader, then saw Tom Seaver lose two runs and the game in the last of

continued



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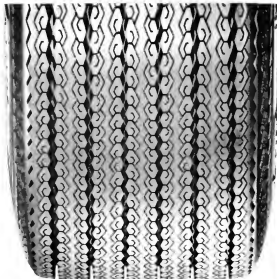
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#### **BASEBALL** *continued*

the ninth on a third-strike passed ball with the bases loaded.

The **CHICAGO CUBS** Friday signed Leo Durocher to a new one-year contract, blew a five-run lead based on a first-inning grand slam home run, and lost 13-9. Critics noted that Durocher's first contract had been for three years, his second for two years. Billy Williams hit three home runs in three days, raising his total to 34. Boered roundly on the road, Joe Peptone arrived in Chicago to be met by a limousine and a red carpet. The significance of this reception was somewhat blurred by the fact that Peptone had ordered and paid for it himself. Doctors said that Ernie Banks may not reappear before September 1.

**ST. LOUIS** lost four out of five after having won 14 of the previous 17. The Cardinals and San Francisco, both with artificial turf, have allowed the biggest increases in runs in the majors. Double Dattelink Day or no, **PHILADELPHIA** was 2-4 for the week. **MONTREAL** won its first indoor baseball game, puzed up by two homers from Le Grande Orange, Rusty Staub's first in the Astrodome since he was traded by the Astros.

PITTS 67-54 NY 62-66 CHC 62-66  
ST. L 66-54 PHIL 64-54 MONT 51-70

#### **NL WEST** Could the invincible Red Army be in trouble?

Going into the week, **CINCINNATI** had struggled to a 15-13 record since the All-Star Game. Forget it. Johnny Bench hit his 40th home run, Tony Perez connected with his 36th and Lee May slammed four homers in five games to raise his total to 27. Jim Merritt struck out 13 men in one appearance and Gary Nolan got his 15th victory. Saturday, Aug. 15, the Reds stepped to their 80th victory, the earliest any National League team has ever won that many.

**LOS ANGELES** outfielder Willie Davis has a full-length murmur in the clubhouse in which he scrutinizes his follow-through with the bottle bat. Davis' average has risen to .324, meanwhile, the Dodgers have won six of their last eight.

**ATLANTA**, some 20 games back, was leading the league in excuses. Henry Aaron maintained that injuries to pitchers Ron Reed and Cecil Upshaw accounted for at least 20 games.

Former **SAN FRANCISCO** Manager Clyde King might have taken offense. Charlie Fox, burned by bad base running, barked, "Those things should have been worked on in spring." **HOUSTON'S** J. J. Aki went six for 23 and lowered his average to .313. **SAN CARLOS** scored 23 runs in three games and lost two of them. Rumor said that Don Drysdale would replace Preston Gomez as manager.

CINN 61-61 LA 67-61 SF 66-62  
ATL 66-61 HOU 64-66 SD 47-74

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502 RON SANTO, Chicago		502 BILL MAZIEROSKI, Pitts.		545 AL KALINE, Detroit	
502 ERNIE BANKS, Chicago		502 WILLIE MAYS, San Francisco		542 BILL FREEHAN, Detroit	
503 BILLY WILLIAMS, Chi.		502 WILLIE MCCOY, S.F.		544 DENNY McLAIR, Detroit	
* 504 KEN KOLTZMAN, Chicago		* 505 BOBBY BONDS, San Francisco		* 545 MICKEY LODICE, Detroit	
* 505 FERGUSON JENKINS, Chi.		503 BOB GIBSON, St. Louis		541 HARMON KILLEBREW, Minn.	
* 506 GLENN BECKERT, Chicago		506 LOU BROCK, St. Louis		543 TONY OLIVA, Minnesota	
503 PETE ROSE, Cincinnati		541 BROOKS ROBINSON, Balt.		* 546 BOB CAREW, Minnesota	
* 505 TONY PEREZ, Cincinnati		542 FRANK ROBINSON, Balt.		542 MEL STOTTENMYRE, N.Y.	
503 JIM WYNN, Houston		* 543 MIKE GUILLAR, Baltimore		* 543 BOBBY MURGER, New York	
* 503 WILLIE DAVIS, L.A.		* 544 BOOG POWELL, Baltimore		* 544 BOB WHITE, New York	
* 505 BILL SINGER, L.A.		541 CARL YASTREMSKI, Boston		542 GAMPY CAMPANERIS, Oak.	
501 TOM SEAYER, New York		543 TONY CONIGLIANO, Boston		543 REGGIE JACKSON, Oakland	
504 JERRY RODGMAN, N.Y.		* 545 RICO PETROCELLI, Boston		* 544 JOHN ODOM, Oakland	
* 505 ELSON JONES, New York		* 547 MIKE ANDREWS, Boston		502 FRANK HOWARD, Washington	
* 506 TOMMIE AGEE, New York		543 JIM FREEDY, California		* 503 MIKE EPSTEIN, Washington	



## Alas, poor England! Metrication is coming

For centuries the British have been secure in the knowledge that foreigners were at an instant disadvantage in any business transactions with them. Sheltered behind a system of weights, measures and coinage that assigned 240 pence to the pound, 112 pounds to the hundredweight, 22 yards to the chain and nine gallons to the firkin, Britons used to beat all the world at trade.

The collapse of colonialism burst the bubble of their mercantile invincibility, but the system remained, and everyone has continued to try to make sense of oddities like stones, rods and quid. Gradually, the 20th century crept in. And so, by next February there will be 100 New Pence to the pound, and the guinea and half crown will be no more. They're calling it metrication—the conversion of all these odd measurements to metric units or, in the case of money, decimal units.

That this upheaval should someday affect sport in Britain—including rather conservative ones like cricket—was inevitable. The Marylebone Cricket Club, for instance, organized a metrication subcommittee that actually altered the rules to include metric equivalents: the one-chain (22-yard) length of the pitch is now expressed as 20.12 meters (22 yards), and "the popping crease shall be marked 1.22 meters [four feet] in front of and parallel with the bowling crease." At least one golf club—East Kilbride, in Scotland—has markers on the tees showing distances in meters only: the short Quarry hole, formerly 134 yards, is now described as 122 meters. Two-hundred-yard drives will seem punier at only 182.8 meters.

Britain's bookies are conferring even now about the future of their bizarre betting odds: 100 to 7, 13 to 2, 5 to 4. The likely result of metrication is that betting prices will be announced as so much to 1, or something to 5, as in America. The nomenclature of racing will tend to stay the same—the Two Thousand Guineas, distances like one mile, six furlongs, 132 yards; weights like eight stone 10 pounds—until about 1974.

Eley, Britain's ammunition makers, is now printing metric chamber sizes and shot loads on one end of their boxes, Imperial on the other. Track and field judges are now equipped with steel measuring tapes with the two systems printed on opposite surfaces. And already FINA, the international swimming

federation, is refusing to ratify any more records that are claimed on Imperial measurements.

Progress toward British acceptance of the metric system has been spectacularly slow. As early as 1790 the French approached them to join in the new, superlogical system where everything was based on the meter, one ten-millionth of "the meridional quadrant of the earth," or one forty-millionth of its circumference. The British turned it down and didn't reconsider until 1871, when Parliament came within five votes of approving metrication. In 1951 the Hodgson Committee examined the proposal once more, pronounced it a good idea but cautiously said it would be better to wait until America and the Commonwealth had tried it first. In 1968, at last, Parliament decreed a go-ahead, aiming at 1975 as a completion date for the switchover.

No one could deny that modern British—and many American—measurements could do with some rationalization. The fathom, for instance, at six feet, comes from an ancient Norse word meaning to hug—it was the length of a Viking's outstretched arms. The 4' 8½" width of the British rail track is derived from the width separating Roman chariot wheels. In parts of southern Ireland you can confidently ask for a "half fathom" of potatoes, and get exactly 10½ pounds. Shoe sizes progress in third-of-an-inch steps. A yard was the distance between nose tip and thumb of some medieval king. An inch was the length of the thumb joint. A 12-gauge shotgun is one whose breech is exactly big enough to admit a leaden ball weighing one-twelfth of a pound.

This sort of thing is fine for Scrabble players, antiquarians and those who savor and collect delicious archaisms, but it's some hindrance to 20th-century living. In sport it can be chaotic. The whole of the 1948 Olympic program at Wembley was delayed because the grounds-men got muddled over setting out the hurdles for the 400-meter race; officials became red in the face and multiplied furiously by 0.914 on the backs of envelopes: the opening Olympic track event was 40 minutes late in starting. Some track authorities feel that confusion over metric measurements may have led to the colossal mixup at the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles, when an extra lap was tacked on to the 3,000-meter steeplechase, won by Volmar Iso-Hollo. Though the error clouded Iso-Hollo's victory somewhat, he could be consoled by the fact that he will probably hold the 3,400-meter steeplechase title for all time.

Some curious anomalies come to light in Britain's present track and field system of weights and measures. In the shotput, the throwing circle is based on even feet (seven), while the discus-throwers' circles are based on meters (2.5). In the 110-meter hurdle race, the hurdle height is specified as three feet six inches, because that was the size of the English sheep hurdles originally used. The men's shotput weighs 16 pounds, but the women's weighs four kilograms. Ross McWhirter, co-editor of the *Gummer's Book of World Records*, calls the system "a dreadful hotchpotch" and says his next edition will be printed with both metric and Imperial measurements.

In cricket and squash, and in British baseball (yes, baseball), metric equivalents will be exact to within five millimeters (one-fifth of an inch); by contrast, rugby and lacrosse players will use a metric equivalent rounded to existing Imperial dimensions. Neither change will make any difference to the games; but field hockey will be fractionally altered when the new stick is required to pass through a five-centimeter ring, instead of one two inches in diameter—making it about 1" smaller.

Since over 90% of the world's people already work and play under the metric system, it seems reasonable and logical that it eventually will reach the United States. It undoubtedly will cause its share of confusion, but think of it: a Miss America whose centimetrical measurements are 91-61-91.

END

## Playing the horse market

**With the slump on Wall Street, some speculators are gambling in thoroughbred bloodstock, figuring that racehorses can be profitable**

Anyone who has glanced at the dwindling Dow Jones these past months knows that the action is not on Wall Street. Investors have been looking elsewhere, and these days some of them consider—of all things—that racehorses are a good gamble. The buyers of thoroughbreds and the bettors have been plunging increasing sums on horseflesh, seemingly endorsing the economic theory that when times are bad in the stock market people would rather risk their money, one way or another, in racing.

Saratoga Springs (pop. 18,590) has been drawing an average of 18,000 race fans to its track every day, a phe-

nominal increase of almost 30% in both attendance and pari-mutuel handle over last year. The recently completed meeting at Detroit Race Course was up 7.5% and 7.7% in attendance and handle. And across the country this seems to be a trend.

The big investors in thoroughbreds these days are not, however, the nameless thousands lining up with cash in their fists at the country's pari-mutuel windows. Instead, they are people like platinum magnate Charles Engelhard, who in the past three weeks has spent \$1.5 million for 20 yearlings, and Canadian oilman Frank McMahon, who in July bid \$510,000 for the year-old full brother to his Derby winner, Majestic Prince.

The yearling sales at Keeneland in Kentucky and Saratoga are Tiffany and Carter to horse buyers, for on sale are the jewels of each year's thoroughbred crop. At Keeneland last month the average price of a yearling was \$30,152, and at Saratoga last week it was \$26,790. In all, 481 untried and unbroken horses were sold for \$13.7 million—and a cool 10% of that was Charles Engelhard's money.

Since he bought his first three yearlings at the 1960 Saratoga sales, saying he would just like to race a few horses and have a little fun, Engelhard has spent close to \$10 million on thoroughbreds. Now he races on three continents. He is too savvy a businessman to find relaxation in a losing venture, and last week he admitted to close friends something that only his accountant knew for sure—that he was slightly ahead of the game. How good an investment have thoroughbreds been for Engelhard? The box opposite gives some indication of the risk, but also of the possible profit. Engelhard has gotten most of his return from the syndication of his stakes-winning racehorses as stallions. Last year alone he made more than \$3 million sell-

ing breeding shares in Hawaii, Habitat and Ribocco. Now he has announced the syndication of his superchamp, undefeated (10 for 10) Nijinsky. The price: an all-time record for a thoroughbred, \$5,440,000. This tops the \$5 million given for Vaguely Noble and the syndication prices of Buckpasser (\$4.8 million), Dr. Fager (\$3.2 million), Arts and Letters (\$3.1 million), Damascus (\$2.36 million) and Graustark and Northern Dancer (\$2.4 million each).

Engelhard purchased Nijinsky for \$84,000 as a yearling; he has won \$483,919 with the colt to date, and should the amazing son of Northern Dancer capture next month's St. Leger he will be the first horse in 35 years to win England's Triple Crown. A victory in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe on Oct. 4 would put Nijinsky among the thoroughbred greats.

Unfortunately for the racing public, which loves to see a 3-year-old champion come back and do it all over again at 4, the economics of racing (at least the Engelhard way) dictate that Nijinsky be put to stud as soon as possible. Besides realizing an immediate profit, syndication reduces the risk for owners like Engelhard of breeding too many of their own mares to an unproved stallion. If Engelhard sent every broodmare he owns to Nijinsky he might have a stable of world-beaters, but, then again, if the horse proved a flop as a sire the Engelhard racing stable would be badly hurt. Therefore, ownership of such a horse is usually divided into 32 shares. In Nijinsky's case, Engelhard will keep 12 shares and he has sold the remaining 20 at \$170,000 apiece to prominent breeders. Sometime in November, after the colt has passed a fertility test, the syndicate members will be asked for a first payment of \$50,000. Then, for the next three years, they will pay additional installments of \$40,000. The owner of a share gets to breed one mare each year to Nijinsky, for as long as the horse stands at stud. The Internal Revenue Service permits such a horse, bought for breeding purposes, to be depreciated through the age of 16, so by 1984 the members of the Nijinsky syndicate will have written off their purchase.

Naturally, not everyone is an Engelhard's enviable position of being able to spend millions and manipulate his horse business in the grand manner. "Charlie has the money to buy what he wants, and



BIG INVESTOR CHARLES ENGELHARD

there is no point in his settling for anything less," says one of his fellow jockey Club members. "But at the same time, just like any other serious horseman, he wants to operate this business to make money if possible. He can't just be throwing money away."

There are some people who suggest that millionaire McMahon might just get done by paying more than half a million dollars for Majestic Prince's little brother. The blue-chip buyers know, for example, that only three percent of all horses win a stakes race during their careers. It is probable that no yearling is worth more than \$50,000, but,

as one optimistic horseman put it, "At Saratoga and Keeneland, where a high percent of potential stakes winners are being sold, you are taking a shot at buying a horse that could win \$500,000." That is the way McMahon, no doubt, sees it. His new colt, whom he is thinking of naming Crown Prince, has potential, and no one could ask for anything more right now.

Since the Federal Government moved to tax the thoroughbred industry more heavily, the purchase at public auction of such high-priced animals is considered by some racing men as decidedly unwise. What if the tax-conscious leg-

islators read about the wild spending at a time when horsemen are moaning about the tax squeeze? "I don't know why everyone is griping about McMahon paying that \$510,000 for my colt," declares Leslie Combs, who put the chestnut up at auction. "All this talk about the sale upsetting the economy is absurd. The woman who was bidding \$400,000 for the colt was Lady Beaverbrook. That was English money. And McMahon's winning bid is Canadian money. So what's all the fuss? People are wasting too much time knocking one another in this game instead of pulling together."

McMahon, winning no more dissen-

sion, has suddenly decided that instead of sending the half-million-dollar colt out to California to John Longden to train, he will ship him to England to race. There he will be trained by Bernard van Coten. "There is nothing personal against Longden in this," insists the Canadian millionaire. "John will still have about 15 horses for me out West, but Longden is a California trainer and likes to stay there, which is understandable. Lately the tracks in California have been knocking the hell out of our horses, and I want this colt to have every chance. He will be properly paced. He will run infrequently at 2 and point for the classics at 3. That is the decision I have made and I think it is the right one." Since Engelhard has had such extraordinary success sending American-bred yearlings to Europe to race, it is understandable that McMahon might come to think this was the best approach.

In spite of the free spending these past weeks, it would be a distortion of the truth to view the spectacular spiral of prices at the selective Keeneland and Saratoga sales as an industry-wide indicator of good times. It is only with quality stock that horsemen are gambling, paying high prices in the hope of turning a handsome profit. The colts sold at Saratoga and Keeneland are only 12% of the 3,900 yearlings sold annually at public auction in this country. The other 88% will average closer to \$3,500 apiece at the sales. The people hurting the most in the Wall Street slump are the little investors. And the same seems to hold true in the thoroughbred stock market. The small speculator—the man with the \$3,500 horse—is in trouble. But the Charles Engelhard's have yet to feel the pinch.

END

## A PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

In 1987 and 1988 Engelhard bought 34 yearlings at the Keeneland, Saratoga and L.P.

Totals sales. The chart shows his returns on his investments and the horses' worth today.

HORSE	PRICE	EARNINGS	ESTIMATED VALUE
Contango	\$85,000	\$1,825	\$12,500
Day Out	12,000	769	8,500
East Room	37,000	12,575	15,000
Habitat	105,000	97,800	*1,200,000
Lancer	110,000	2,906	*10,000
Larvesto Kid	40,000	109,256	125,000
Mr. Leader	110,000	239,847	300,000
Pashamin	50,000	18,200	35,000
Pollution	30,000	32,130	30,000
Porto Cannone	32,000	4,510	*8,000
Proliferation	20,000	22,700	45,000
Ribotillo	100,000	139,541	125,000
Romping	66,000	3,293	*42,500
Sabab	30,000	16,006	*30,000
Shahriash	72,000	15,200	45,000
Swiss Alp	7,000	7,320	*6,250
Tatallah	60,000	31,406	62,500
Capercaillie	126,000	47,128	125,000
Drusky Evening	100,000	12,600	40,000
Exquisite Action	37,000	45,444	52,500
Fongasse	5,500	8,215	*15,000
Go Gay	35,000	559	*9,000
Laminate	25,000	3,190	7,500
Love of Learning	**\$12,500	3,575	125,000
Nigrinsky	84,000	483,919	*5,440,000
Pongo	43,000	—	3,750
Proximo	150,000	99,141	125,000
Quadruple	75,000	14,400	50,000
Riboprospect	84,000	17,477	75,000
Royal Clerk	27,000	3,250	*20,000
Siska	32,000	—	*8,750
The Wasp	32,000	3,175	17,500
Tom Gate	50,000	3,262	*17,500
Wilkinson	80,000	8,225	25,000
	<b>\$2,064,000</b>	<b>\$1,598,864</b>	<b>\$8,296,750</b>

\*actually sold

\*\*for half share



# Turn Left At the Porcupine

*That's where the man said the fish were. Well, if not there, try way upstream. Or the Deer Lakes or the hatchery. Or Waterdog Lake. Will our dauntless angler ever unravel the secret of the elusive trout?*

by JACK OLSEN



The village of Lake City, Colo., is 49 miles over Slumgullion Pass from Wagon Wheel Gap or, if you're coming from the north, it's 25 miles from Powderhorn on Highway 149. But don't bother yourself if you forget these jiffy instructions. Just drive to Saw Pit or Bodrock or Cimarron or Telluride or any other southwestern Colorado town and ask somebody how to get to Perk Vickers' place. Better ask a Republican, though. Perk has been Republican chairman of Hinsdale County for 22 years, and the handful of Democrats around Lake City resent the fact that out of the county's 208 permanent population—second lowest in the U.S.—Perk somehow gets 250 or 300 of them to vote in every election, and most of them Republican. "We got a lot of absentee ballots," Perk explains, while the outnumbered Democrats peer from their hiding places and exchange knowing glances. Politically Lake City and Hinsdale County have changed little since an itinerant guide named Alferd Packer killed and ate five of his companions and elicited one of history's most pungent accusations: "They was seven Dimmycrats in Hinsdale County, but you, yah voracious man-eatin' son of a bitch, yah et five of them!"

Out at Perk's ranch, just south of town, the boys like to come in from the day's labors and discuss the irremediable blow dealt to Lake City's democratic machinery by the political actionist Alferd Packer. "What could you expect of a man couldn't even spell his own first name?" Perk says, while his wife Emma Jean warns him not to gloat. The other subject that is always good for a long discussion is trout: care and feeding, habits and environments, future and prospects and general history. Perk's brothers, Joe the cattle rancher and Bob the gold miner, convene in the little office cluttered with ore specimens, fly boxes, daguerreotypes of Vickerses dead and gone, aromatic old saddles and an ancient safe that looks as though it just fell off the Wells Fargo stage from Durango. In the rare and narrow interstices of their conversations one can hear the murmur of the storied Gun-

*continued*

mson River's lake fork, which starts as a single, silvery drop way up above Sloane's Lake at 13,000 feet, drops quickly to timberline and thence through old mining camps, beaver-dam country, sheer-walled canyons, a deep lake called San Cristobal, over the foam of Argenta Falls, past Perk's place and into more canyons and meadows until it finally joins up with the main branch of the Gunnison 50 miles away. Every inch of the lake fork is loaded with trout. Well, not every inch. Well, not really "loaded" anymore. That's one of the things the boys argue about, the Gunnison River then and now. "Used to be the trout would swim over to the bank and wriggle into your creel." "No, it didn't used to be that way at all. Used to be the mules contaminated the water and there wasn't a trout between here and the lake." "Well, gimme the good old days." "Listen, you stubborn old jackass, there is the good old days!"

The visitor to the Vickers establishment might well agree that these is the good old days. Not that you can go down to the river and drag out three-pound rainbow trout with ease or catch a limit with a few hours' casting. Even the famous Gunnison has its off days, and during the early-summer runoff from the snowy San Juan Mountains surrounding the ranch the river becomes cloudy with glacial grindings, and the trout sulk in deep holes and refuse to come out and play. At such times the knowledgeable fisherman may still score, but only if he knows the secret of the Vickers Ranch and only if he meets the mystical and unfathomable requirements of the keeper of the secret, 55-year-old Purvis (Perk) Vickers. Do not hurry into this task, for Perk cannot be hurried. Do not bluster and make demands, either, for Perk will merely announce in his good-natured way that your reservation has expired. There is only one way to learn the secret of the Vickers Ranch, and that is the hard way—the way of waiting and hoping and keeping on the right side of Perk and not being a pushy Easterner, or a pushy Westerner, either. Then and only then will you be admitted to the secret, and then and

only then will you be able to catch three- and four-pound brook trout to your heart's content and dine on orange-red fillets from the sweetest trout that swim.

My wife Su and I knew none of this, of course, when we first wandered into the place that the Vickers brothers insist on calling by the ridiculous name Vickers Dude Ranch, an appellation guaranteed to turn off both true sportsman and travel snob. Who wants to send postcards home from a dude ranch? When I got to know Perk a little better I asked him why he didn't call the place simply the Vickers Ranch or the Vickers Trout Ranch. "We're full up all the time now," he said, drawing on depths of commercial acumen garnered at business school in Tyler, Texas, where he became the only Vickers to learn to type and therefore the one assigned to running the ranch office. "If we changed it to Vickers Trout Ranch we'd have to beat 'em off with shovels."

"All right, Perk," I said, "I came here to catch fish. Now what the hell'll I do?"

"Try way upstream," the bandy-legged little man told me. I didn't know it at the time, but I was about to begin the long procedure that led, step by tortuous step, to the secret. I drove five miles up dirt roads to the narrow reaches of the upper river and cast my arm off catching brook trout that seldom reached six inches. Then Perk suggested a pack trip to a high alpine lake, but after we had booked five horses and lunched our way up steep mountain trails toward a lake supposedly loaded with brook and rainbow trout of monstrous dimensions, we found our way blocked by six-foot drifts of snow that had blown off nearby Uncompahgre Peak, 14,306 feet high and one of the most fascinating sights in Colorado when it's not ruining your fishing trip.

"Perk," I said loudly, "we came here to catch fish and we're not catching anything. What do you suggest?"

"The Deer Lakes," Perk said. "You can't miss at the Deer Lakes." In that rapid-fire manner of his, like a Walter Brennan record played at double speed, he proceeded to tell us the facts about

the Deer Lakes. They lie, about eight of them, just up Slumgullion Pass, on public land. What was Slumgullion Pass? Well, about 600 years ago several million tons of mountain broke off and began a slow crawl down the valley, like those mud slides that bedevil the residents of Los Angeles County. The earth flow kept going until it dammed the lake fork of the Gunnison and created Lake San Cristobal, 92 feet deep. Spruce trees grew atop the flow, and they leaned at crazy angles as they inched along—the only ambulatory spruce trees in Colorado. The flow was made of a yellowish clay, and to oldtimers it resembled the slumgullion stew that sustained them—hence the formal name Slumgullion Earthflow. Perk told us that it was one of the great natural wonders of the world, or at least of Hinsdale County.

"The fishing, Perk, the fishing."

"Oh, yes," he said, "you wanted to know about the Deer Lakes." It seemed that 15 or 16 years ago Perk had begun to fear that the Gunnison's lake fork would not be able to handle the heavy fishing pressure on it, and he cast about for ways to improve the fishing in the area. He suggested to the local chamber of commerce that the citizens of Lake City buy live trout by the ton and keep replenishing the lake fork all summer long, but to the hidebound conservatives of Lake City such a proposal was considered as wildly Communist as Social Security or municipal bus lines. "So I noticed that there were a lot of good locations for lakes up above Slumgullion Pass," Perk said, "and we got permission from the government to put in some dams."

To raise money for the project Perk and his associates gave honorary Lake City citizenship papers to contributors of \$25 and promised to name a lake after anyone who contributed \$100 or more. Thus were created the Deer Lakes—Lake Pat Maloney, Lake Slug Stewart, Lake Emory Carper, Lake Frank Walker and several others. When the project was completed Perk and his helpers proudly erected handsomely carved nameplates by each dam, whereupon the U.S. Forest Service let out a

howl of bureaucratic anguish. Such lakes, rangers announced, could not be named after living humans. "This gave us a hell of a problem," Perk recalled. "We could either rename the lakes or kill off the contributors. We decided to rename the lakes."

And there they sit today: the Deer Lakes, cool and emerald behind the earthen dams constructed by Perk and his bulldozing friends. The lakes bear such rustic names as Lake No. 1, Lake No. 2 and Lake No. 3. In a wild burst of creativity one of them was even named Lake No. 4. Some of the natives still refer to one of the larger lakes as Lake Put Maloney, but not while any of the stern government men are around.

"But how is the fishing there?" I asked.

"First-rate," Perk said. "You can't miss at the Deer Lakes."

We drove up over the Slumgullion Earthflow to the Deer Lakes and fished all day and missed. Oh, not entirely. But one does not push deep into the wildest reaches of the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of catching a couple of skinny rainbow trout and brook trout that have barely left their mothers' breasts. "This doesn't make it, Perk," I said when we returned all covered with dust and frustration at the end of the day.

"Well, what about our ponds?" Perk said. He waved grandly toward some man-made ponds that he had dug in the meadow next to the river and kept stocked with hatchery trout that were fed from sacks of Purina Trout Chow.

"Who the hell wants to catch hatchery trout?" I said.

"I'll tell you who the hell," Perk said. "Just about every dude that comes here, that's who the hell. Ever since I built those ponds I've had to spend half my time keeping an eye on them." One of the ponds was marked WOMEN AND CHILDREN ONLY, LIMIT FIVE FISH, and because trout are wily and because women and children are not the most skilled anglers some of the rainbows in the pond had survived several seasons and grown to weights of six and seven pounds. Perk said he would show me. He went to a barn, picked up a handful of trout chow and tossed it in. At first there were a



few dainty peckings at the floating pellets, but then the water began to boil with lunging and gyrating trout, among which were plainly some fish that were well above the five-pound mark.

"My God!" I said.

"Exactly," Perk said, "and that's what a lot of other people say, too. They lose their perspective. One morning I came down at dawn, and here's this guy with a seven-pound rainbow. 'Look,' he says, 'Look what I caught in the river.' I saw that the fish was from our pond—you could tell by the coloring. The next year when that guy called for a reservation we were full up."

Hardly a day goes by when Perk is not approached by a male guest who explains that he is going to help his wife and children fish the women's and children's pond, "but don't worry, Perk, I won't be fishing myself, I'll just be helping them," and five minutes later Perk will look out his little office window and see that the man is helping them by baiting the hook, making the cast and pulling in the fish. One day he strolled down to the pond and said to a particularly persistent offender: "Mr. Peterson, my main concern is: Where's your dress?" Peterson left in embarrassment. But Perk flatly denies the often-repeated report that he once threw out a man in full female attire. He does not want to be known as a person who discriminates against anyone, including female impersonators. "You have to be diplomatic," Perk says,

"but at the same time you can't relax the rules. This greed that's in all of us—the greed for money, the greed to have more than the next fellow—it shows up in fishing, too. Out of every 50 people that come here there's maybe one that'll say, 'I caught my limit of fish and I threw 'em back.' The other 49'll say, 'I caught my limit of fish, and here they are. Look at 'em!' Why, if I let some of them fish in the ladies' pond, they'd use dynamite caps!"

"Perk," I said, "I'd gladly throw back every trout I caught, but I didn't come here to fish for hatchery trout. Now what do you suggest?"

Perk's eyes rolled wildly. Later I was to realize that he was resisting the temptation to let me in on the secret, but at this point I didn't even know that there was a secret to be let in on. He was still sizing me up, and there were still tests for me to pass, frustrations for me to endure. Now he named another one. "Waterdog Lake!" he said. "You'll clean up on 'em at Waterdog Lake." I asked directions and wrote feverishly on the back of a postcard as Perk rattled out the route. "It's mostly straight up," he said. "The lake's around 11,000 feet, and we're around 9,000 now. You go through the lower gate—make sure you're in low gear—and head up the side of that hill. Don't worry about the road—I made it myself." His instructions included an admonition not to drive across the upper meadows—they were sodden with run-

continued

off, and tire tracks would develop overnight into rivulets and brooks—and a warning about bears. "They won't bother you, but there's a lot of 'em up there, and if they have cubs with 'em they can be grouchy." I laughed inwardly—good old Perk was really laying it on thick. He told us to remember to take a left turn or we'd wind up mired in the mud. "Joe killed a porcupine up there the other day and it's still there," he said. "Just turn left at the porcupine."

Su pucked a lunch, and we began the grinding journey up from the Gunnison Valley. What Perk had lightly referred to as a road turned out to be a corrugated nightmare of gullies and rocks and fallen trees and holes, and we rut-

ted around inside the jeep like the occupants of a Waring Blender. "Enjoying the r-r-r-ride?" I called to Su. "N-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n," Su exclaimed, "-o."

We emerged briefly into a rolling meadow dotted with a hundred or so Hereford cattle but were soon through it and back into the deep woods. We ran along a stream bottom, then came to a few steep pitches that required compound low and a running start and strong faith in the sturdy jeep. It was like driving up a forehead on Mount Rushmore. Every now and then I had to stop and get out and remove a tree trunk or boulder from our route—proof that we were the first drivers to make the trip up to Waterdog that season.

At last it came into sight—a big lake, almost a mile long, clear and blue and so cold that a hand immersed in it tingled for minutes. At 11,200 feet the lake was just below timberline, and around its shores the final spruces and aspens

and pines of the highest altitudes fought for a footing, some of them dying out and others living a compromise life of miniaturization. There were mosses and lichens and some slender, wiry grasses, and here and there a patch of wild iris of electric blue. The aspens were gnawed at elk-head height—monuments to severe winters—and a few tender shoots of pine had been completely denuded of bark by porcupines. If there had been good fishing in the lake, the scene would have been idyllic. If we flung everything into the cool blue depths, but we couldn't raise a strike. We tried flies, wet and dry; nymphs, weighted and unweighted; spinners, Colorado and Indiana; flatfish and spoons and streamers and even a little lure shaped like a kitchen sink and called "the Kitchen Sink" so that anglers could go back home and brag that they had thrown everything at the fish including the kitchen sink. But trout that would not hit classic lures would not hit gimmick lures either. Looking to left and right and finding ourselves alone, we dug for worms and fished them high and low without a strike. After three hours without so much as a single hit we decided to quit. The vote was 2-0.

We were halfway back down and just inching our way through a thick copse of aspens when Su let out a yelp and did a perfect little jump from her seat into mine. "Hey!" I shouted as I struggled for control.

"A bear!" she said. "Step on it!"

"I'm not going to step on any bear," I said.

"The gas, stupid! Step on the gas!"

I tromped the floor pedal, and the jeep lurched forward, its gears grinding, and just then the bear crossed the road

at a blinding speed of some two or three miles an hour. "Come on," I said, "they're fun to chase!" We jumped out and followed the porcupine into a stand of pine trees. He waddled about another hundred yards before climbing up a spruce tree and glowering down inhospitably at us, and just as I turned to begin the walk back to the jeep I caught a glint of blue through the trees. "Water!" I said, and stumbled through the woods with Su stumbling after. We quickly came upon a tiny lake hidden in the deep forest, its waters held back by an earthen dam and its borders edged by willow brush and kinnikinnick and thick patches of iris and dandelions.

"A pond," Su said. "Don't get excited. It's just a pond."

"It's a pretty little place," I said and just then something came rocketing out of the water in the middle of the lake and made a splash the magnitude of which had not been seen since the launching of the *Île de France*. My knees started to give way, and Su, an old hand as a trout fisherman's wife, quickly grabbed me. "Take it easy," she said. "It was just a muskrat or a beaver."

"Yeah," I said, my voice trembling. "Musta been a muskrat or a beaver." Then a similar splash came from the far edge of the lake. "That beaver gets around," I said, beginning to shake again. Hardly were the words spoken when a fish spurted out of the water, performed a one and a half with a full twist in the layout position and splashed back in, throwing droplets of sun-speckled water in a fine rainbow spray.

"What was that?" Su said.

I rapped my forehead and fell to my knees and inhaled gallons of air and rolled my eyes and performed half a dozen other involuntary spasmodic actions that only another trout fisherman would understand, and when I finally regained control of myself, about five minutes later, I said, "A trout! A three- or four-pounder! A brook trout! They don't come that big anymore! It's impossible! I'm dreaming!"

Even Su seemed impressed, and this was the first time I had seen her impressed by a fish since a succulent serv-





ing of turbot hollandaise at the Poularde Bressane in Grenoble (one star in your *Guide Michelin*). "Let's get the rods!" she said, and we raced back through the woods toward the jeep. But by the time we reached the car sanity had returned. "Listen," Su said, "we can't fish that lake."

"Why not?" I said, knowing full well why not.

"Because it's obviously man-made, and it's obviously been stocked for some special purpose."

"We found it, didn't we? Nobody told us not to fish it."

"You know how Perk is. If he'd wanted us to fish this pond he wouldn't have sent us up to Waterdog."

"Yeah," I agreed, "and up the Gunnison headwaters and up the mountain and up to the Deer Lakes and every place in Hinsdale County except here."

"There's only one thing to do, and that's go down and ask him for permission," Su said.

"Yes," I said, "and if he says no, what then?"

Su thought for a moment. "If he says no," she said, "you hold him and I'll strangle him."

So that's how we came to learn the secret. Afterward Perk admitted that he had been almost ready to tell us anyway. "You just about passed my test," he said.

"What test is that?" I asked.

"My personal test for who can fish the upper lakes," he said. "I got my own standards. Don't ask me what they are, but I can list at least one United States Senator who didn't make it and a couple of millionaire oilmen from Texas and a very prominent attorney from Oklahoma. They'd give \$10,000 apiece to fish those ponds, but they haven't got a chance."

"Why not?"

"How would I know?" Perk said. "There's no rule about it. I don't even understand the rules myself. Two-thirds of the people that come here never see those upper ponds. Not one person in 20 qualifies. I got people who've been coming back for 30 years and they've never wet a line in those lakes."

Perk told the story of his homemade upper lakes. "It was just about the same time we were asking the government to let us make the Deer Lakes," he began, drawing on a black cigar and waving lazily at the foul smoke in front of him. "I'd ride up to the upper ranch on my horse, and I'd always say, 'Boy, when the good Lord made this he really did a job.' All those meadows and woods and little streams running down and golden eagles and badgers and bobcats and all kinds of wildlife up there. It always seemed to be the prettiest place on earth to me. But this whole countryside's pretty out here, and people were beginning to realize it, and they were swarming into here in the summertime and fish-



ing that lake fork to a frazzle, and I began to realize that public fishing wouldn't always take care of the demand. And what about the people that came up here when the river's high and discolored? Shouldn't they be allowed to fish, too?

"Well, I had made those four ponds down below and stocked them with trout that I bought by the pound, and then I realized that we could make something extra special up on the upper ranch. There's a little stream that drains the whole upper ranch—Park Creek, it's called, and it's about a foot wide. The beavers were always damming it up and making these little lakes, and then they'd wash out and cause all kinds of damage. So as soon as I got some money together I rented a bulldozer and went up there and made a good, solid earthen dam where the beavers had worked. I didn't build any spillway because this was late summer and I knew the pond wouldn't fill up over the winter.

"The next spring I'd almost forgotten about it. I was working in our gold mine and somebody came running into the tunnel and told me to get out, my dad said it looked like the whole upper ranch was washing away. The pond had filled and the dam had burst and the water was coming down the mountainside. So the next thing I did, I learned how to build a rock spillway and I was in business. From then on every chance I got I built another pond up there and planted it with fingerling brook trout and cutthroat. I'm up to eight ponds now, and I'm building more all the time. But I take certain precautions. Only one of those eight ponds is anywhere near a road—and that's the lowest pond and

nobody knows how to catch fish out of it except my son Larry. The rest of those ponds—you could drive all over the upper roads and never get a glimpse of one. You wouldn't have seen one either if it hadn't been for that porcupine."

I told Perk I would like to fish one of his ponds and asked him if I qualified. "I think so," he said. "I been watching you. You're not a fish hog. You release fish and we don't find wasted fish in your garbage can in the morning."

"You've been checking?"

"We keep our eyes open," Perk said, relighting the smelly old stogie. "Sometimes we'll find a garbage can with 30 or 40 trout in it not even cleaned. I don't care if those fish come out of Lake San Cristobal or the Gunnison or Crystal Lake or our own ponds or where—those people don't come back. We're full up when they call the next time."

"Do any local people poach?"

"Once some fellows from Lake City went in and cleaned out one of our ponds,

*continued*

and we found out about it because there's not that many people in Lake City and all of a sudden they're all eating big brook trout. So we put out the word that anybody caught poaching our ponds would suffer the death penalty. They must have believed us. Nobody's been poaching up there since, I hope."

"How about the guests?"

"Well, by the time they pass my test I'm pretty certain about 'em. They'll take a few trout—enough for dinner—and they'll return the rest and they'll obey my rules about flies only and no bait or lures. Nothing scares trout more than lures and nothing kills 'em worse than bait. If you fish with bait you can't return 'em. But a fly just catches a trout's lip and you can let him go and he doesn't even know it happened."

"The worst experience we had in the upper lakes was with five old customers—lawyers from Texas. I watched 'em for years and they seemed like perfect sportsmen, and one day I gave 'em permission to fish Vickers Lake, which is where we keep our biggest and wildest brook trout and cutthroat. Well, sir, my brother Bob went up to see how they were coming along that day, and they had gunnysacks full of trout from two to five pounds. Our prize fish!"

"Bob rode back down and told me, and when those men finished fishing I was waiting for them. We counted: they had 125. Prize brooks and cutthroat, weighed about 300, 400 pounds. I looked at the fish and I looked at those lawyers, and not a word was spoken. They looked like they were gonna burst out crying. Later on one of them told me they were going to have an attorneys' convention back home and they wanted to furnish enough fish for a trout fry."

"So that was the end of them as guests here?" I asked.

"The end of them?" Perk said. "Why, hell, no. They come back every year. They're my prize customers. But they know they'll never fish one of my ponds again. Never! They can fish the public water all they want, and that seems to satisfy them. They've never asked to fish the ponds again. They know better."

The next morning Perk gave us some

more instructions on how to get to one of his best fisheries: Alden Pond. The instructions were Stenglesque: "Go up that road and open the gate. Up about a mile take the right-hand prong past the little fork and keep on going till you come to one, two, three switchbacks. On the third switchback veer off to the left. If you don't you'll wind up at our gold mine. After awhile there's a pond. Drive just under the dam and cross the spillway and follow a grove of trees. Keep outside the timber till you come to a fence, and then follow the fence till you come to a gate. Open the gate, and the road goes through some heavy timber and through a meadow, and then you make a right turn around some beaver ponds and follow a little stream till you can't go any farther, and then you walk straight ahead through the woods and over a barbed-wire fence, and there's your lake, full of brook and cutthroat."

"Simple as that, eh?"

"Simple as that," Perk said.

Thirty minutes later we came to the end of the dirt road, walked a few steps through a deep woods, slid like snakes under a barbed-wire fence, walked a few more yards and came into sight of a crystalline mountain lake.

The pond was about three acres in all, with borders ranging from semitundra, where almost nothing grew, to a thick slice of woods that marched right down to the water's edge and deposited large trunks like toothpicks in the wa-

ter. Everywhere else there was the low kind of brush that I have personally re-named bearbrush, partially because I don't know its name and partially because I find it almost always associated with bears, who can root around on all fours and not be seen as they move from bush to bush. Indeed, there was bear sign around, but I did not bother pointing it out to Su. She would only have become hysterical.

In advance I decided to keep two trout for our dinner. All the rest would be released and we would be welcome to fish another day. I started out with a Mayfly, and to my astonishment nothing hit it. "O.K.!" I shouted to the fish. "I'm ready! You can start now!" The big brown Mayfly sat out there on the water like a hot fudge sundae, but nothing stirred.

"I thought this was going to be so easy," Su said.

"It will be," I said, "as soon as I get the formula. If it was all that easy these wouldn't be trout."

At least an hour went by without a semblance of a strike. Every now and then a big fish would break water, but never near my flies. "Do you want me to start digging for worms?" Su said.

Soon I had worked my way around to the place where the timber lay helterskelter in and out of the water. I tied on a tiny Kelso nymph, let it sink between two jagged tree trunks and began retrieving slowly. On about the third pull,



something hit and snapped off the 6X leader. After this happened twice more I switched to a 3X leader, let the water rest for a few minutes and cast out my last Kelso nymph. Whack! Something hit it with a thump and took off under a tree trunk. I put on all the pressure the leader would hold and steered the fish back toward the open water, and after about five minutes of fight the trout made its first jump and sent me into a state of total puzzlement. This wild mountain trout, living in a pond that was fished only three or four times a year, had gone into a coloration phase that would have put many a tropical bird to shame. It looked more scarlet than anything else as it burst from the water, but its fins and belly appeared to be an apricot color that I previously had seen only once: on brook trout caught in a little stream in Nova Scotia.

I played the fish carefully, and Su came running over as I finally slid it up on the bank. Biologists will scorn, but the fish had the pronounced purplish stripe of a rainbow trout, the large, open spots and high coloring of a brook trout and the bright orange-red slashes of a cutthroat. Such a three-way hybrid is impossible—according to the textbooks—but we were looking at one. We also looked at several more as the day went on, plus a few fish that were obviously pure brook trout and a few that were pure cutthroat. We took a pair of fat two-pounders and released another 20 or so. When I ran out of Kelso nymphs I switched to Alder quills, which are similar, and the trout didn't seem to mind. Just before the sun dipped below the mountains to the west, we laid our two fish on the grass and walked up the slope for a better view of the sunset, and when we returned about 25 minutes later we couldn't find our catch.

"Don't be silly," I said to Su. "They're not lost. Dead trout can't walk."

"They were right here," Su said. "Right here where the grass is trampled down."

"Trampled down?" I said, and walked over for a better look. I could see where my own feet had crushed some of the

*continued*

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## PORCUPINE *continued*

grass, but I could also see where other blades had been flattened along a narrow corridor that led into the bearbrush. "My God!" I said. "It must have been—"

"It must have been what?" Su said, gripping my arm with fingernails of steel.

"Nothing," I said. "I was just thinking out loud."

"What took our fish?" Su said, her voice cracking slightly.

"Probably an elk," I lied. "An elk, I guess."

"Elk eat fish?"

"Under certain conditions," I said.

"Yes, they will. They have been known to do this." I took my wife's arm and led her gently but firmly through the shadows toward the fence and the jeep. "It's nothing," I said in my jolliest voice. "After all, elk have to make a living, too. Ha, ha! We'll come back tomorrow and catch some more trout."

All the way down the mountain I kept looking in the headlight glare for the lousy, bleeping bear that had stolen my two rain-brook-throat trout, but the only wildlife that turned up was a pair of sleepy-eyed does and another porcupine. Each time I turned to the side I noticed that Su was staring at me. "Why are you staring at me?" I asked.

"What really stole our fish?" she said in her most accusatory voice.

"Roll your window up," I said.

"What kind of an answer is that?" she said as she rolled the window up.

"A bear," I said softly. The rest of the way down the mountain we both occupied the same seat.

Driving home one week and 137 trout later (we kept six and released the others with slight shaving nicks in their jaws), I got to thinking about Perk Vickers and some of the other fishing-resort operators I've known. The main thing Perk had going for him was the lake fork of the Gunnison River, as famous among Western trout nuts as the Esopus and the Beaver Kill are to Easterners. But Perk wasn't content to rest on his river's reputation, to exploit the vivid imaginations and great expectations of his clientele. I thought back on other resort operators and on miserable trips to

famous trout rivers like the Allagash in Maine and the White in Arkansas, and I remembered being told so many times that I should have been there the week before or I should come back the next week, when fishing would be fast and furious. But when a man is fishing, it is always this week, and in a long life of chasing trout I can remember no other resort operator who worked as hard as Perk Vackers on the task of providing trout fishing this week instead of cheery predictions for next or fond remembrances of last. To be sure, his four lower ponds are full of hatchery trout and suitable only for the tenderest of tenderfoot. The Deer Lakes are overfished and underproductive, like many lakes around the 11,000-foot mark. And the eight ponds on Perk's upper ranch are a caution to get to—even if you're invited—and no one without a sturdy four-wheel-drive vehicle or a horse need apply.

But so what? Taken together, all of these man-made fishing spots increase the odds for the fisherman and diminish his dependence on the river alone. Rivers, like the trout that live in them, are highly unpredictable, and even so magnificent a stream as the lake fork of the Gunnison can turn into a wet desert, roily and high and fishless. Should the sportsmen who invest large sums to come there have to sit in their cahns and wait the river out? Perk doesn't think so. And it may be that his place, despite its cornball name and its fish-stealing bears, is the trout resort of the future.

To tell you the truth, I wouldn't mind a bit.

END



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BELL, BOOK AND BOO-BOO

Sirs:

The article by William Reed (*He Whistles While He Works*, Aug. 10) about Tommy Bell, the NFL football referee and his crew of Graf, Kellieher, Jorgensen, Toler and Harder was most interesting, informative, educational and enjoyable. They are good.

WILLIAM H. (RUD) FRUSILLI JR.  
Stone Harbor, N.J.

Sirs:

Thousands of Arkansas football fans would be sleeping much better if Reed had been able to chronicle Bell's rise to pro football officialdom without bringing up that painful Ole Miss incident. Since he found fit to exhumate this ghost, however, equal time should be given to correct some discrepancies.

No field goal figured in the 1958 scoring. The Rebels won 14-12 when the Porkers failed to complete a two-point conversion pass in the final seconds for a tie. Bell's boo-boo occurred in the 1960 game, and it is the circumstances surrounding the call, almost as much as the ruling itself, that have stuck in Arkansas crawls ever since. Here's the way it looked from the stands:

The Rebs tied it in the third quarter and the two teams slugged it out through the fourth unit, with about three minutes left. Jake Gibbs rallied the Rebels toward the goal in what every one knew would be his last chance to salvage something. The noise in the stadium was deafening. Then, with the minute hand beginning its final round, Gibbs called time and in came Allen Green for what was to be a fairly long-range field-goal attempt.

Gibbs started the count, drawing it out in the hope that an anxious Razorback might jump the gun and reduce the range five yards. Referee Bell suddenly jumped into the play, signaling time-out, at the precise instant Green was drilling it straight and true through the uprights. After hurried consultations with the other officials, Bell motioned both teams to line up again in the same spot.

On the second attempt the kick sliced wide of the post. Green kicked the turf in disgust and the other Ole Miss players started trooping dejectedly off the field. A startled roar from the crowd brought them up short, however, as Bell held his arms upright, indicating a three-pointer. So there it is, right or wrong: Mississippi 10, Arkansas 7.

WILBUR L. WATERS

Tulsa

● Bell's recall of the game was faulty, but SI accepts the penalty. It was 1960 and Allen Green, not Bob Khayat, was the kicker.—ED.

Sirs:

It is about time someone wrote an article praising the men who are involved in every play and without whom the game would be chaos. Unlike the players, they are not applauded whenever they make a good call. They are unnoticed until they are maligned.

RICHARD SCORFIELD

Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:

Oops! There went Tommy Bell's treasured anonymity.

W. BASKIN JR.

Atlanta

## PIRATE PARAMETERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your very funny story about the Pittsburgh baseball club (*No Insignificant Rascal Here*, Aug. 10). However, the Pirates are not, as you strongly imply, merely a band of meecus, pranksters. They are a young ball club with a surplus of talent and a potential for greatness. Laugh while you can—the Pirates will have the last one.

LOUIS COX

Baltimore

Sirs:

Why is it that SI annually characterizes baseball league leaders as loose, happy, etc.? As a stalwart Buc fan for 23 years, I take exception to your aggregating my team in that group of euphoric winners! The Buccs have prated their way to the top via deft fielding, copious hitting and various other parameters of performance.

ROBERT A. DETTLEB

Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

It sounded like a reprint of your 1966 articles on the Pirates' rising hopes, only then it was the Black Max and the green weenie. They didn't win then; they won't win now. Only the names have been changed.

H. W. RAUTENBERG

Brockton, Mass.

## OVER THE WALL

Sirs:

Your readers might be interested to know that Malcolm Braly, ex-convict and current author (*Prison Games and Other Escapes*, Aug. 10), has pulled off a hat trick of his own. In addition to the two novels about prison life which Malcolm has sold to the movies, he's just closed a deal with Spillane-Fellows Productions for his nonprison novel *Slake Hot Till He Rattles*. And it isn't about sports, either, in case anyone thinks it might refer to a quarterback vs. the Rams'

Front Four. *Slake Hot* is a perceptive look at young people on their own, and we hope to be shooting it in San Francisco and Los Angeles this winter.

ROBERT BLITS  
President

Spillane-Fellows Productions, Inc.  
Universal City, Calif.

Sirs:

Malcolm Braly's article on prison sports should remind us of that marvelous quality of sport which permeates all of life's strata—its ability to create in man something deeply individualistic, even while walked off from society. Let's hope that attitudes such as this can bring to the public's attention the fact that our prisons do hold a sizable segment of our population—men who deserve a second chance.

KEN MOORE

Atlanta

Sirs:

It was a brilliant piece of writing—tight, razor-sharp and wise.

ELAINE GREENSPAN

Albuquerque

## LINELIGHT

Sirs:

Was Dave Hill the winner of the Westchester Classic? According to Mark Mulvey (*Plus Words at Westchester*, Aug. 10), Bruce Crampton lost the linelight. Where is the credit for a truly competitive as well as consistent golfer such as Crampton? After all, he did win \$50,000, didn't he?

MATT HEALPIN

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm for Dave Hill all the way. Whatever he has to say about golf or golf courses, I'm sure he means it. I don't even blame him for saying it. He must have something those other guys haven't got. A guy who can shoot a 63 in smog and pollution can't be all bad. Thanks for the article, Mark.

GENE BLISS

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

Week after week we hear about controversial people such as golfer Dave Hill and his remarks about the U.S. Open course or Jim Bouton and his book about the outside activities of his fellow teammates. Enough of this controversy—write about the average sports figure. For example, why not do a story on Ralph Houk? He is as straight as anyone alive, and to prove it he is leading the Yankees straight to the doghouse. Houk's story might appropriately be titled

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

*Major Hook, or How I Stopped Worrying  
and Learned to Love Efficiently*

STUART WINKLER

Brooklyn

#### JUST REWARDS

SIN:

One can hardly blame Florida Quarterback John Reaves for wondering exactly what a sophomore quarterback must do in the Southeastern Conference in order to gain a little attention (Scorebook, Aug. 10). Last year Reaves not only led the nation in passing, he broke records that had stood for as long as 20 years, such as Frankie Sinkwich's SEC record for total offense in a season and Babe Parilli's mark for touchdown passes in a season. More important, he took a team that had been given little hope to a record of 9-1-1, including a Gator Bowl victory over the conference champions, Tennessee.

JAMES C. LAMPLEY

Chapel Hill, N.C.

SIN:

In response to Reaves' comment that Curt Watson of Tennessee couldn't carry Florida Running Back Tommy Durrance's chin strap, I can assure you that someone will have to carry it after Florida meets the Volunteers in Knoxville on Oct. 24. After watching Watson for three seasons I have no doubt that he will be All-SEC and, most likely, an All-America pick.

BRID MAYO

Washington

#### COUNTERPUNCH

SIN:

Congratulations for extolling the virtues of the good side of boxing and presenting a picture of two outstanding individuals associated with the sport (*Chip Off the Old Redwood*, Aug. 10). I boxed for Ray Lunny at Stanford and am still a close friend of his and young Ray's. Anybody who knew Lunny at Stanford adored him for the kind of person he is: kind, humorous, tough and yet sensitive. And young Ray is a chip off the old redwood, although I would hesitate to say "old" too loudly.

I wish individuals like the Lunnys, who are not only a credit to their sport but to anything they're involved in, could be brought to the public's attention more often. Then and only then would the uninformed come to understand the many benefits of boxing at its grass-roots level, whether it be YMCA, PAL, college or AAU and Olympic. A truly great sport could be returned to its deserved status.

JERRY BLITS

Los Angeles

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